The Nation.

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The Week.

THERE can hardly be a doubt that the dethronement of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands was, as an enterprise, first conceived by Mr. Blaine, whose history as a diplomatist we need not recall. His selection of Mr. Stevens, the editor of the *Kennebec Journal*, his own old paper, to go to Hawaii as United States minister was, for his purpose, a wise step. That Stevens had fully caught his idea was shown as early as February and March, 1892, in his correspondence with the Department. In his oration at Honolulu, July 4, he politely spoke of the country to which he was accredited as "a monarch-cursed country." The "tip" as to what was going to happen was distributed among various persons, including the editor of the New York *Tribune*. This gentleman was able to say in November, 1892, that "events" were occurring in Hawaii which were likely to turn the thoughts of our people towards annexation. In that same month, as appears by the correspondence, Stevens was clamoring for annexation. Another recipient of the "tip" was Secretary Tracy. When Admiral Skerrett called on him before going to Hawaii in December, he asked him what was the policy of the Government about annexation, reminding him that it had formerly been opposed to it. The secretary calmly informed him that "the wishes of the Government had changed. They will be glad to annex Hawaii." This gentleman's passion for international complications seems to have been almost as insatiable as Blaine's, and his knowledge of international law about as great.

President Cleveland did what President Harrison ought to have done, viz., send out a commissioner to ascertain the facts on the spot, and, above all, to hear the Queen's side of the story. His report shows clearly that the revolution was a "put-up job" of Stevens's, probably to some degree a commercial speculation, as nearly all Blaine's diplomatic enterprises were. Every stage in it reflected the highest discredit on the Government and public service of the United States, and we cannot be too thankful that the Cleveland Administration came in in time to protect and reëstablish our character for fair dealing with all the nations of the earth. We can recall nothing in modern history quite so mean and tricky as this transaction. Other nations, particularly Great Britain, have seized and annexed foreign possessions with a high hand, boldly declaring their intention to take and keep them for their own use and behoof. But we cannot recall a single case before Stevens's in which a foreign minister has been the centre of a conspiracy for the overthrow of the government to which he was accredited, and has set up a sham government in its place, with the aid of his own navy, under false and fraudulent pretences. Mr. Blount's report ought to be issued far and wide in a pamphlet form. It is a striking lesson in morals.

There is a great deal of squirming over Secretary Gresham's declaration that a majority of the men who set up the Hawaiian Provisional Government were "aliens." Were they not all voters under the Constitution of 1887? it is indignantly asked. They were, but were aliens nevertheless, taking advantage of a clause giving them the right to vote in Hawaii without renouncing their allegiance to their own country. Indeed, everybody knows that the great argument for annexation was the duty of the American Government to protect "American citizens" in Hawaii. There they were, just as much entitled to the protection of the flag in Honolulu as in San Francisco, and had our country sunk so low that it would not care for its own citizens? But now, when Mr. Gresham has drawn the simple inference that citizens of the United States are aliens in Hawaii, there is a great rush on their part to say how completely their affections and civic interests are bound up with the Islands. The revolutionists themselves ought to know what they are, and they have all along represented themselves as the party of the foreigners versus the natives. If any one doubts this, let him read the annexationist *Hawaiian Gazette* of October 24. In an article on "The Government's Backing," it made the thing clear as noonday, as the following citations will show:

> "The great mass-meeting which preceded the overthrow of the monarchy represented the *foreigners* of Honolulu. . . . As to the present intent and purpose of the *foreigners* of Hawaii, there is no doubt. They did not go into the annexation movement with any idea of ever taking a hand from the plough. . . . The movement is backed by Englishmen, Germans, Portuguese, and Americans, whose investments and homes are here. . . . So long as the provisional government carries out the trust placed in its hands, it will receive the political and moral support of the *foreigners* of Hawaii. . . . On the question of annexation the *foreigners* are virtually a unit."

Senator "Bill" Chandler gives the President a dreadful scoring for his "provinciality" and inability to grasp the "true continental policy of the United States." For the full realization of that policy, "Bill" says, we shall have to wait for the return of the Republican party to power, but meanwhile he kindly explains what it is and involves. He imagines a wicked doubter rising to ask: "If we begin with Hawaii, where shall we stop?" and then puts him down severely with the following "easy reply": "We shall stop on the west with the Sandwich Islands and on the east at the West Indies." The wicked doubter still wants to know what and how many of the West Indies, and gets the crushing answer, "A reasonable and sufficient number." After that, all is clear sailing for "Bill," and he draws a beautiful picture of what will come when the Republicans are restored. But, after all, he leaves a horrid uncertainty as to what kind of Republicans he means, as he pauses to give a sharp rebuke to the Arthur Administration for cutting short Mr. Blaine's performances in Chili and Peru. It might easily be that Republican secretaries of state like Mr. Evarts and Mr. Frelinghuysen would turn out fully as provincial as Mr. Gresham. "Bill" does not say so, but it is evident that he is the only man of really continental proportions left in the party.

President Cleveland should lose no time in calling off the Commissioner of Indian Affairs from his meddling with the civil-service regulations governing appointments in that department. It was a great step in advance when even a part of the offices in the Indian service were put under the civil-service law, and, instead of asking for exemptions from the working of that law, the demand ought to be that it should be greatly extended. The Indian service has for years been the dumping-ground for all sorts of political refuse, and as it was only the Indians who had to suffer directly from it, the abuse was one of the most difficult to remedy in the whole public service. This is no time to let go a particle of the progress that has been made. Commissioner Browning's assertion that the civil-service examinations do not yield him candidates of "business capacity" has the true spoilsman's flavor about it, and is thoroughly disposed of by Mr. Herbert Welsh in a recent letter. The President has it in his power to put an immediate end to the whole disreputable business, and he cannot set about it too quickly.

Senator Teller appears to have fully recovered from his terrible fit of the dumps. At a reception which was given him in Denver last week, he said that, while the State "will suffer somewhat by the repeal of the silver-purchase act, yet Colorado, thank God, is not destroyed, nor, even, is it in any way seriously injured." He characterized it as "a magnificent State," possessing "the natural wealth

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that two States have," and, besides, "what is more important, a population of intelligent, aggressive, enterprising people." As for the future, he advised the people to address themselves to the task of making good the losses they had sustained by adverse legislation, and continued: "If we cannot mine silver at a profit—as I trust we may be able, to some extent, to do still—we can mine iron, coal, and gold, and we will have prosperity and riches; and we will maintain the intelligence and culture with which we have commenced in this State." This is a thousand times more sensible than making speeches days long, "with tears in his voice," to show that Colorado would be utterly ruined if the repeal bill were passed.

The interest in the promised investigations by a committee of the new Legislature is increasing steadily, and may be said truthfully to be commanding absorbing attention in all political circles, especially those intimately or otherwise connected with Tammany Hall. It must be apparent to the Republicans that, the higher the character of the committee, the greater the possibility of securing revelations which will be of value both to the cause of good government and to the welfare of the Republican party. The selection of a committee which was even suspected of being dominated by "Tom" Platt would be fatal to the success of the inquiry. All Platt's intimates or favorites in the past should be kept off the committee, and should be permitted to have no part in its work. What is wanted is a fearless and honest investigation, and if such a one can be authorized, we shall see a flood of voluntary evidence appear before it that will cause a "yawning of penitentiary doors" for more than one eminent public character who is at present rolling in stolen riches obtained by blackmail and other forbidden practices.

The differences between city and country ways have been illustrated in a curious manner by an experiment of the Post-office Department. Under the last Administration about fifty villages and small towns, ranging in population from 800 to 4,000 inhabitants, were picked out for a trial of the system of distributing mail matter by carrier, as in large cities. At first general satisfaction was manifested, and the receipts of many of the offices for a while showed an increase, indicating that the convenience stimulated correspondence; but, as the novelty wore off, the residents very generally tired of the change, and returned to the old practice of going to the office themselves for their mail. A majority of the people would apparently rather have their letters lie in the office until they call for them, and thus have an excuse for frequent visits to the centre of local activity, than have their mail delivered every day at their houses. The carrier in such places is really a foe to social activity, as "going to the post-office" has always been a recognized means of mixing with men, and its occasional inconvenience is preferable to the loss of what is often only a pretext for making a break in the monotony of a retired life. In view of the evidence that there is not "a long-felt want" to be met by this system of free delivery in small communities, and of the fact that its general adoption would involve an annual expense of at least $10,000,000, the first assistant postmaster-general wisely advises a suspension of the experiment.

A graphic picture of football as a game for young gentlemen is drawn in a despatch from Philadelphia which gives an interview with the captain of the University of Pennsylvania team as to stories which have been current accusing them of "roughness" and "brutality." He declared that there was no foundation for the charges, and when asked about the treatment his own men had received, said that he had no complaint to make. To be sure, he himself had a bad contusion of the eye from a blow of an opponent's fist; every one on the field saw another opponent strike a Pennsylvania man with no provocation from the latter except that he had made a "touchdown," and jump with his knees on the neck of still another after the latter had called "down"; and in another case a member of one team "repeatedly struck a member of the other about the face and head, and pulled off deliberately the protecting bandage from his swollen and inflamed ear, although doing so caused agonizing pain." But the young gentlemen of the Pennsylvania university have "no complaint to make" of such performances, and of course the young gentlemen of the university at New Haven would take the same ground about similar performances by the other team.

Another young man has lost his life from injuries suffered while playing a game of football. This makes the fourth case reported this autumn—one each in New Jersey, Indiana, Ohio, and Wisconsin. The latest is perhaps the most shocking of all. It occurred during a game between the elevens of the Toledo (O.) High School and the Adrian (Mich.) College, which was played at Adrian on Saturday. A Toledo player, Carew, says the report, "had the ball, and downed to save it. Three Toledo boys dropped to save him, and in an instant the Adrian team was upon them. When the struggle was over, Carew remained motionless upon the ground. The crowd cried, 'Fake!' but it was soon discovered that the young man's neck was dislocated." Upon examination it was found that his body was paralyzed from the chest down, and his spinal column injured, and he died the next morning without having recovered consciousness. Another member of the Toledo team was kicked in the groin, and injured so badly that he could not return to his home. A third player suffered serious injury to his right leg. English newspapers just received mention the death of a football player in West Hartlepool "from the effect of injuries received in a football match, when he was kicked severely in the stomach."

Last week's extraordinary scandal in the Bank of England's management has happily "blown over," as the expression is, without serious effect on public confidence. The most remarkable, indeed, of all phases of the episode was the fact that the cashier's improper and dishonorable use of the bank's lending facilities, although made public in the very way suited to rouse uneasiness, had absolutely no effect upon the outside stock market. This may be called a proof of perfect confidence in the bank or of great stability in the market; in either case the result is reassuring, especially when it is recalled how vague and comparatively trivial were the rumors which upset prices in London last summer. The incident is certainly new in the Bank of England's history. "I do not know," says Walter Bagehot in his work on Lombard Street, "that its name has ever been connected with a single large and discreditable bad debt; there has never been a suspicion that it was 'worked' for the benefit of any one man or any combination of men." This reputation last week stood the institution in good stead; for though the fair name of its officers has now been in a measure blemished, the suspicion that the governors themselves were concerned in the transaction was instantly dismissed by all intelligent observers.

The incident has, however, revived one criticism that has often in the past been raised against the bank. The management of this institution is unique. Its directors are continuous in office only during a limited official term; the governor of the bank, who stands responsible for its policy, is chosen in rotation according to seniority of service on the board, and, what to our ideas is still more singular, nobody whose private business is the same as that conducted by the bank is eligible to the director's office. These are three radical defects, according to the principles of modern banking. That the Bank of England's business should, under such a handicap, have been conducted so successfully and

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wisely, is explained only by the very great conservatism exercised in the choice of city merchants to its membership. Bagehot himself admits that the bank has been at times a victim of bad policy, and that "at such times the defects of its government have aggravated if not caused its calamities." But to point out the defect is easier than to produce a remedy, and the remedy might be worse than the complaint.

The defeat of the English ministry on a clause of the parish-councils bill is not serious, because it was agreed at the outset that it should be treated as a "non-contentious measure." In fact, this bill is drawn on the lines of one brought in by the Tories. The proposal was to admit to a vote for the council all women who, if men, would be entitled to vote for members of Parliament—a very wise and indeed almost necessary provision, considering the nature of the affairs with which parish councils are to be called on to deal. There is a general determination on all sides to push the bill through, in order if possible to keep the rural population in the country; the desertion of the villages by the able-bodied men having become a very serious phenomenon. The only active opposition comes from the clergy, whom the bill deprives of a good deal the authority they formerly exercised in parish affairs, but even their opposition is offered with great caution. There is to-day in England a shrinking from anything like opposition to a democratic movement which ought to make "Bob" Lowe, the great opponent of the bill of 1867, turn in his grave. The explanation of the continued drift of population to the towns, and of the continued growth of the towns, is that the growth of towns is no longer, as in the days before railways and compound marine engines, regulated by the capacity of the country in their immediate neighborhood to feed them. Towns can now be fed from the uttermost ends of the earth. London grows on Chicago beef and Dakotan or Indian wheat, and therefore easily absorbs the English agriculturists who find village life dreary.

France had her attempt to settle a strike of coal-miners by arbitration ten days before the determination of the English Government to seek to compose the differences between men and masters which have been paralyzing English coal-mining. It was not the French Government, however, that was to do the arbitrating, but the French press. It was an idea of Clémenceau's, who, since his defeat for reëlection to the Chamber, has been sorely put to it to keep himself properly in the public gaze. He took up the cry that it was the duty of the French press to interfere to put an end to the Pas-de-Calais troubles. The press had received the ambassadors of the Czar, it had secured the peace of Europe, why not go ahead and secure the industrial peace of France? What surer or simpler way could there be of bringing workingmen and employers into accord than to have "deux journalistes d'opinions opposées" go and listen to their complaints and deal out justice on the spot? With a deference to the wishes of a brother and a generous recognition of his "scoop" such as it would be hard to parallel in this country, the editors of Paris actually called a meeting on November 4 in furtherance of his suggestion. Nearly every prominent paper was represented, and Clémenceau was about to unfold his plan when a thoughtful editor interposed to observe that he had just received a despatch saying that the Pas-de-Calais strike was ended. Thereupon Clémenceau moved that the meeting adjourn, thus leaving the world in ignorance of the true method of journalistic arbitration. That there is something wonderful in it may be inferred from the fact that the strike was broken as soon as wind of the proposed arbitration reached the scene of strife.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu has an unpleasant way, when the French are very much excited about something, of bringing them down to the hard facts of the case. He has been performing this office with regard to the recent wonderful "rapprochement" between the French people and the Russian navy, over which the Parisians seem to have gone nearly crazy. There is no religious sympathy between the French and Russians. There are few or no social relations. The French do not travel, and neither do the Russian people. There is no sort of resemblance between their political institutions. In order, therefore, to make the present *entente cordiale* at all lasting, there must be, M. Leroy-Beaulieu thinks, some closeness of commercial relations; but here the facts are very depressing. In 1891 Russia stood seventh in the list of countries exporting to France. She was surpassed by England, Belgium, the United States, Spain, Germany, and British India. In the five years from 1887 to 1891 she stood only in the sixth place. But, perhaps, if she does not export much to France, she imports a great deal from France. Error again, as the French say. In 1891 she stood twenty-fourth in the list of customers for French goods. In that year the 110,000,000 of Russians bought only $2,700,000 worth of French goods! That is, each Russian consumed French products to the value of 12 centimes, the centime being the hundredth part of a franc. In the five years from 1887 to 1891, the French exports to Russia once reached $3,700,000, but on the other hand in 1889 they fell to $2,000,000. Portugal, Greece, Denmark, the United States, Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Colombia, Mexico, Uruguay, and Chili all buy more French goods than Russia. It is true that a new commercial convention has been adopted between the two countries, by which some reductions in the duties were made on both sides, but not enough to encourage the hope of any great increase of commercial relations. What, then, is to keep up the present furious affection? The French papers are now raging fiercely against England, but in 1891 England bought $200,000,000 worth of French goods, to say nothing of the sums spent by English residents and travellers. Little Belgium bought $100,000,000 worth in the same year; Germany $70,000,000 worth; and poor Italy, whom they are loading with abuse, also $25,000,000 worth.

It is evident that the measures taken for the suppression of the slave trade have brought about a crisis in Central Africa, and it is possible that we are on the eve of a general war between the Arabs and the Europeans. According to an exceptionally well-informed writer in the London *Times*, the immediate cause of the hostility which now prevails is the mysterious expedition of Mr. Van den Kerckhoven. Notwithstanding the secrecy maintained in regard to its movements, there can be little reason to doubt that, during the passage from the Congo to the Nile, several Arab settlements of the slave-hunters were attacked, numbers of the slavers were killed, and their property in slaves and ivory confiscated. From this resulted the hitherto unexplained massacre of M. Hodister and his companions on the upper Congo, and, in all probability, though the *Times* is silent on this point, the murder of Emin Pasha, who seems to have fallen into the hands of the Arabs when they were smarting under the injuries inflicted by Mr. Van den Kerckhoven. As soon as a sufficient force could be collected, Capt. Dhanis of the Free State routed an Arab army on a tributary of the Congo, and then, after a siege of six weeks, captured the important town of Nyangwe on the Lualaba on the 4th of March. At the end of April he had taken Kasongo, the station of Tippu Tib. It remains to be seen whether the Arab traders, many of whom are men of great intelligence, will band together for the purpose of driving the Europeans from Central Africa. This depends largely upon the action of Rumaliza, the Arab chief of Ujiji, and the most powerful in the country, with the possible exception of Tippu Tib. It is to be hoped that he will coöperate with the whites in developing a legitimate commerce. This is actually being done on Lake Nyassa, where Mr. Crawshay, a British official, is fighting the slave-traders at the north end of the lake with men lent him by the great Arab Sultan, Jumbe, on the west coast.

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GENERAL HARRISON ON HAWAII.

GREAT difficulty has been experienced in getting Gen. Harrison to talk about the Hawaiian matter, but a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* did succeed in extracting one or two views from him on (we regret to say) Sunday afternoon (November 12). What he said was this :

> "Then, speaking slowly and carefully, the General said: 'It has always seemed to me a grave misfortune that our diplomacy and the plan of our foreign relations should fluctuate with the change of parties and of administrations. Continuity is absolutely essential to success in that respect. What we need is continuity. We have had it with regard to Hawaii in the past. It is no new doctrine that the interests of the United States in those islands should be most jealously preserved. I remember myself, when I was in the Senate, taking that position in connection with Senator Edmunds and with many others. England is very apt in seizing strategic positions and "points of observation." ' This last phrase he dwelt upon several times. 'She holds the St. Lawrence, has the Azores, watches the Caribbean Sea from the Bermudas, and has one foot upon the Isthmus.' Then, looking toward our Pacific coast, he called attention to her hold upon the mouth of Puget Sound and her great navy-yard at Esquimault; spoke of her recent movement upon the Florida Islands, and then solemnly and impressively added: 'And if she gets Hawaii also, as another "point of observation," it seems to me that we shall be pretty much surrounded.' "

There are two points to be considered here. One is the absence of "continuity." Gen. Harrison prepared for this himself by his failure to collect the facts before acting, and above all by his failure to hear the Queen. His decision in the case, if he were a judge, would be set aside by any court of last resort for these two capital defects. He acted without evidence, and he heard only one party to the cause. We believe we are within the truth when we say that Queen Liliuokalani was the first monarch who was ever deposed by superior foreign force without being heard in her own defence, and America is the last country in the world to begin the practice.

Continuity in foreign policy is a good thing if it be continuity in justice and fair dealing, but continuity in crime and outrage, Gen. Harrison will himself admit, would be a mistake. If he will ask himself some Sunday afternoon why he was in such a hurry to get the treaty of annexation before the Senate, his conscience, we are sure, will throw much light on this very weighty problem. Moreover, we deny *in toto* that there has been any want of continuity in American foreign policy. On the contrary, we think it has been, from the foundation of the government down to 1880, the most continuous and consistent foreign policy in the world, partly owing to the strong traditions of good faith and good feeling left by the founders of the government, and partly to the fact that we had no conquests and no colonies. If we strike from our history the slaveholders' treatment of Mexico and Hayti, there was little in our foreign relations of which we could not be proud until Mr. Blaine appeared on the scene as foreign minister, and got up a rumpus with England about the Isthmus canal. Continuity was broken in that affair by the exposure of his ignorance by Lord Granville; and, soon after, his dealings with Chili were found by President Arthur to be marked by so much bad law and bad faith that they had in common decency to be cut short, and his envoy brought home. This Hawaiian trouble was also of Blaine's brewing. He undoubtedly knew the "revolution" was coming, and sent out his successor in the chair of the *Kennebec Journal* to hasten it, and his successor in the Department of State has again to break his continuity.

As regards England, we do not hesitate to say that it is to her failure to protest against President Harrison's doings that we owe President Cleveland's ability to undo them. We feel morally certain that such a protest was counted on by the conspirators as the main element in the success of their plans. Had it come simultaneously with the "revolution," we greatly fear the popular excitement would have been so great that the voice of reason and justice would have been drowned. The proof of this is that the very first thing done by their organs in the press was to announce despatches from Lord Rosebery and Sir Julian Pauncefote, asking us to withdraw from the Islands. Some of them kept the press ready for the "protest" for days, and, when nothing came, began to load these diplomatists with abuse. In fact, some of them would have justified President Harrison in sending Pauncefote home on account of his guilty silence. But the truth is that England cares nothing about the Islands, has never thought of protesting, and that the expectation of a protest causes unseemly mirth both in the embassy at Washington and in the Foreign Office in London.

Gen. Harrison's sea strategy is no better than his diplomacy. The reason why Great Britain has so many islands and foreign stations is that she has a great navy. As soon as she ceases to have a great navy, she will lose her islands and foreign stations, and lose her access to the Suez Canal. An island is of no use to any power which cannot approach it in time of war. A coaling station is of no use if the enemy will not let you coal at it. The whole apparatus of foreign islands, stations, and garrisons, in which England rejoices, is a concomitant of the mastery of the sea. Without the mastery of the sea it is of no use whatever. Whenever we have a navy large enough to destroy the navies of two other powers, we can have all the islands we want. Until then we are perfectly happy without any island at all. The notion that some other power can "surround" us 2,000 miles away over the ocean is one against which it is hardly worth while to argue. If there be any foundation for it, our case is hopeless, for England, France, and Portugal and Spain "surround" us only 2,800 miles away, and Japan is looming up dangerously on our right flank.

The history of this Hawaiian affair offers a good illustration of the danger to us of colonies and dependencies under our present form of government and with our present class of public men. Rome fell under the weight of her provinces, with a constitution ten times better fitted than ours for the management of distant conquests, for the Senate was filled with the ablest and most experienced men of the empire. But the Senate was gradually broken down by the intrigues, and bribes of the generals and proconsuls. We, at the very outset of our career of annexation, in the very first case of it, start an intrigue in our own State Department for the overthrow of a friendly power, allow our minister on the spot to land troops to assist in what was really his personal conquest, annex the Islands without hearing the ruler in her own defence, and denounce everybody who objects to these proceedings as an enemy of the United States. If these things are done in the green tree, what would be done in the dry? Suppose we had half-a-dozen islands like Hawaii, and half-a-dozen States like Cuba, San Domingo, Costa Rica, and Guatemala to administer, with our Senators intriguing for proconsulships and the members of the House casting anchors to windward and seeking out channels of usefulness: how long would the government of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln last?

TWO REMAINING POINTS.

THE semi-humorous proposal of the *Tribune* that, if President Cleveland is undoing a wrong in Hawaii, he ought to undo another by restoring their lands to the North American Indians, shows that the discussion of the Hawaiian affair is practically closed. But there are two points on which there is still some trouble in the minds of some of those who approve of the President's policy, and about them we propose to say a few words. One is the fact that so much time has elapsed since the Queen's dethronement without any protest or resistance on her part, and the provisional government is so firmly established that it is not worth while, or not expedient, if worth while, to set her government up again. The answer to this is, that the existing government is in fact and in form "provisional"—that is, something of a temporary or interregnal character. It calls itself provisional, and formally announced in the beginning that it was to last only until Hawaii was annexed by treaty to the United States—a con-

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summation of which the conspirators then felt quite sure. Hawaii has not been annexed by treaty and is not going to be. Consequently the present government continues to be "provisional," or, as Webster says, a "partial or temporary arrangement." Consequently, again, the Queen's rights would not have been extinguished even if President Cleveland had taken no action looking to her restoration. But he has taken such action. His withdrawal of the treaty from the Senate as soon as he got into power, and the despatch of Mr. Blount to Hawaii, and the recall of Mr. Stevens, would of themselves be a sufficient warrant to the Queen to wait patiently for the result. As long as the President had announced no decision and an inquiry was pending, the case was not closed.

The other point, to which we see Mr. Kasson has lent some semblance of authority, is that we have no right or authority to set up the Queen's government again; that all that we can or ought to do is to withdraw our troops and other representatives of our power, and let the Queen fight it out as best she can with the provisional government. To this some add that in any case we ought not to restore a monarchy, monarchy being especially objectionable to a large class of Americans.

Those who make these objections seem to forget what international law is. International law, according to all the books and according to the practice of all civilized nations, is simply the application of the Golden Rule to international relations—that is, the rule of doing to others as you would they should do to you. When Woolsey asks, "What are the rational and moral grounds of international law?" and answers, "They are the same in general with those on which the rights and obligations of individuals in the state, and of the single state towards the individual of which it consists, repose" (p. 14), he covers the whole ground. We grant that had the members of the provisional government risen against the Queen of their own motion, and in reliance on their own powers of either combat or persuasion, and succeeded in overthrowing her, it might well be argued that, in spite of our quasi-protectorate over the Islands, we must let her get back her throne in her own way. But the cardinal fact in the case is, that the conspiracy for her overthrow was in part, at least, organized by our minister, and was successfully carried out by the use of our ships and troops as a menacing force, and the new government was organized under our flag. This plainly fixes our responsibility and furnishes the rule of our conduct.

If an individual be wrongfully ejected from an estate, and the courts decree that his ejectment was wrongful, he is not left to get back again as best he can. The sheriff puts him back. He turns out the wrongdoer and puts the rightful owner again in possession. To expel a sovereign from his dominions and hand over all the instruments of government, the army, the navy, and the treasury, to his enemies, and then, after repenting of the wrong we had done him, bid him recover his throne as best he could, would be an extraordinary proceeding. Yet this is almost what we have done here—for we must admit that Stevens's unlawful use of the navy and President Harrison's stealthy treaty with the trespassers were the acts of our Government. International law, like municipal law, requires that when you have done a man a wrong, you must either restore him to the situation which you destroyed, or, if you cannot do that, pay him damages.

The plea that we ought not to restore a monarch is really a plea for taking possession of the island as United States territory. As a plea for the present "provisional government"—a small oligarchy composed almost entirely of foreigners—it is worthless. Such a government is as un-American, as much opposed to the spirit and purpose of our institutions, as any monarchy can possibly be, and one far more dangerous to our polity. Monarchy is everywhere a waning force, but little oligarchies of plutocrats and speculators seem to be the evil against which the world will, during the next hundred years at least, have most frequently to contend. Moreover, we are in this matter, as we understand it, acting under the rules of international law, and international law recognizes monarchy, whatever we may think of it, as a fit and proper form of government, and the only one adapted to peoples in certain stages of political growth. It would probably be as unfair to impose a republic on the Hawaiians as a monarchy on the French. We recognize monarchies in Europe without hesitation, and even pay royal honors to the members of royal families who visit us, and it would, therefore, never do, when we upset a monarchy, to refuse to set it on its legs again because monarchy was odious to us.

THE CONSPIRACY PROVED.

THE documentary evidence contained in Mr. Blount's report justifies to the full Secretary Gresham's assertion that the overthrow of the Hawaiian Government last January was the result of a conspiracy in which the American minister was a leading figure. Mr. Blount's testimony cannot be dismissed as "perjured affidavits" obtained from the "slums of Honolulu" at $2 each, as Mr. Stevens hastened to say it would be, in advance of publication. It consists largely of the evidence given by members of the committee of safety and of the provisional government, and by officers of the navy and other eye-witnesses whose character is vouched for by the annexationists themselves. Many of these men were unwilling witnesses, but their admissions put it beyond any question that the revolution would not even have been attempted but for the connivance of Mr. Stevens.

To go back to events prior to the actual landing of the troops, we find the American minister unwarrantably interfering in a matter of purely domestic legislation on Saturday, January 14. Informed that the Queen had signed the lottery bill, in the presence of two of her cabinet and other witnesses, he exclaimed again and again: "Gentlemen, this is a direct attack on the United States Government." What possible right he had to say this, or what possible object he had, except to show that he was prepared to pledge the aid of his Government to the revolutionary movement already talked of, but not yet on foot, does not appear. That he had, in fact, secretly assured the revolutionary agitators, in advance of any overt action on their part, that he would support them, is proved by the testimony of a member of the Queen's cabinet, who made oath that

> "On Sunday morning, January 15, Mr. Thurston, the head of the revolutionary party, called upon my colleagues, Ministers Colburn and Patterson, and asked them to join with himself and others in deposing the Queen, assuring them that such movement would be perfectly safe, as Minister Stevens had promised them the support of the United States forces, and also that he would recognize and support a provisional government as soon as such a step could be taken."

The American minister's conduct on Monday, January 16, was in perfect keeping with this. According to the testimony of Mr. Wunderberg, whom the annexationist papers declare to be a man "of strict integrity and high reputation," the committee of safety, of which Mr. Wunderberg was himself a member, tried to get Stevens to delay landing the *Boston's* troops until their plans were in better shape. They sent a delegation to him, headed by Mr. Thurston, for that purpose, but it soon brought back Stevens's Napoleonic answer: "Gentlemen, the troops of the *Boston* will land at five o'clock this afternoon, whether you are ready or not." The same evening there was a meeting of the committee to talk over plans for a provisional government, and it was thought necessary to have a "commander-in-chief of the forces." The position was offered to Mr. Soper, an American citizen, but he declined it until assured that he would be supported by the troops of the *Boston*.

> "Mr. Soper still doubted, so a couple of the committee escorted him over to the legation, which, by the way, was in the adjoining premises, and the three came back after a time, reporting that Mr. Stevens had given them full assurance that any proclamation of the Government put forward at the Government Building, or any other building at Honolulu, for that matter, would receive his immediate recognition and the support of the forces of the *Boston*."

The next day the provisional government was proclaimed, and how it was

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done is well described by one of the members of it, Mr. S. A. Damon. "About eighteen men" started out from "Smith's office" to do the work. They divided into two parties on the way to the Government House, for fear of "being interfered with by the police." Then they read their proclamation, in the presence of "the porters and officials employed there," and began to look about for the American troops. Mr. Damon says he was "perfectly nonplussed" because the troops were not forthcoming according to promise. The Government House, the station-house, and the barracks were all in peaceable possession of the Queen. The conspirators had let off their proclamation into the empty air, but were not in possession of any Government building, or in control of more than a handful of men "running in with rifles" in their hands. But Stevens promptly recognized them as the Hawaiian Government.

Here comes in what Stevens considers a petty "dispute as to the hour by the clock at which I gave recognition." But as it happens that the hour by the clock makes all the difference between a government on paper and a *de facto* government, the point is, after all, of some importance. Mr. Blount has conclusive testimony that Stevens recognized the provisional government very early in the afternoon, before the Queen or any of her ministers had heard that there was such a thing, and that this recognition was the only thing which prevented the Queen from calling upon her troops to put the revolutionists under arrest, as it is admitted by all that she might easily have done. In fact, Mr. Blount says that Stevens admitted to him personally that he had recognized the new government before the barracks and station-house had been surrendered; "that he did not consider their surrender of any importance." When the Queen's ministers were called upon to surrender, they refused to do so, asserting that they had ample force to deal with the disaffection, and it was only when they were told that the American minister had recognized the revolutionists, and would support them, that they said, as Mr. Damon testifies hearing one of them say: "We are all prepared to resist, but I will never fight against the American flag."

These are the main points in the evidence thus far made public, showing the "force and fraud" employed by an American minister to overthrow the government to which he was accredited. That this great wrong ought to be righted, all honest men will agree. Just how it is to be done the Administration has not yet shown; but, from the tenor of Minister Willis's speech, it would seem that those who have been anxious to see the Queen restored to her rights through a sea of blood are likely to be disappointed. The conspiracy was executed by force, but there is every reason to think the crime of it may be rebuked and frustrated by the peaceful methods of diplomacy.

SPRINGER ON BANKING.

WHEN the silver question was disposed of, it became inevitable that the banking question should be the uppermost of all financial topics in the national councils. Silver purchases had been favored in the West and South by reason of a supposed shortage of currency. People thought that they could see an increase of money if the mints were at work coining dollars on Government account, or if the Treasury was printing legal-tender notes based upon silver bullion. They did not see that the silver so purchased merely displaced gold, leaving the total amount of circulation unchanged except as we parted with a superior kind of money to make room for an inferior kind.

The idea that we must have additional supplies of money remains as potent as ever, and this idea is founded in reason. We must have additional supplies of money *when* they are wanted. We must have them *as* they are wanted. Moreover, we *shall* have them when and as they are wanted. If nothing else is offered, we shall take gold. We have imported $61,000,000 of that metal during the present year. It is true that we had previously exported $70,000,000. Both movements are copious illustrations of the fact that a nation can get all the money it needs, even if it has a stiff, inflexible, antiquated banking system. Therefore we need not be alarmed if Congress does not favor us with an improved banking system in a hurry. We shall still have the world's gold reservoir to draw from—the same from which England draws her supplies. But the demand for something different, the demand for a paper currency at par with gold, which shall accommodate itself to the wants of the business community, will continue and will become more and more urgent until it is complied with.

In a recent interview Mr. Springer of Illinois, the chairman of the House committee on banking and currency, gave his views of what ought to be done in order to secure for the country an elastic and abundant currency. It is perhaps not surprising that Mr. Springer should have completely missed the thing he was searching for, viz., elasticity. The present national banking system is not elastic. Its currency does not expand when expansion is needed. On the contrary, it shrinks when expansion is needed. Now, Mr. Springer thinks that the system is non-elastic because the national bonds are a diminishing quantity and because they are at a high premium in the market—the rate of interest which they pay being accordingly very low. So he proposes to take as a basis of circulation an inferior kind of bonds, such as those of counties and municipalities. This change, he thinks, would bring into existence an elastic currency.

Mr. Springer has missed the point completely in this, that it is bond security, and not the *kind* of bond security, that makes the bank currency stiff and inflexible. The testimony of bank officers and experts on this point is now almost unanimous. We take the first which comes to hand. In the current number of *Rhodes's Journal of Banking* is a thoroughly good discussion of this question by the Hon. A. B. Hepburn, ex-comptroller of the currency. The article is entitled "Substitutes for Money." Touching the matter of elasticity Mr. Hepburn says:

> "But no currency can be elastic which is based upon stocks or bonds. If, before issuing notes, a bank is compelled to invest *as much or more money* in the purchase of securities, as a basis for its note issue, as the bank-notes which it is in turn authorized to issue amount to, then elasticity is destroyed. In order to respond to the increased demands of the people, banks should be allowed to create money—to issue notes against credit," etc.

There is the whole question in a nutshell. A bank is started to lend money to the public. Bond security implies that this money shall be locked up in permanence by the purchase of stock-exchange securities. Elasticity is destroyed *ipso facto*. But, says somebody, bonds are necessary as security for the notes. Ah, it is a question of security, is it? Then we have to choose between one kind of security and another kind; and if we can somewhere find security plus elasticity, we should give it the preference over security joined to stiffness and inflexibility. Now, Mr. Hepburn, in the article from which we have quoted, adds his testimony to that of many other authorities by advocating the safety-fund plan. "An annual tax," he says, "of one-half of one per cent. imposed on the outstanding circulation of the national banks from the time of their organization would have redeemed every note of every failed bank and paid the entire cost of the national banking system during a period of thirty years, with something of a margin over. The experience of thirty years ought to be, and is, a safe criterion on which to base legislation as to the future."

At the recent bankers' convention at Chicago the opinion was nearly unanimous that the safety-fund plan was the right way to supply a currency which should be both flexible and secure. We are not by any means sure that Congress will agree to the views of experts, or even think it necessary to inquire what they are. The doctrine is pretty well fixed in the heads of politicians that financial science comes by nature, just as reading and writing did to *Dogberry*. This conceit was the cause of the fifteen years' wrangle over the silver question. Perhaps we shall have as much over the banking question. We have little fear, however, that Con-

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gress will adopt the ideas sketched by Mr. Springer. We even doubt whether his own committee will adopt them. Mr. Springer is opposed to State bank-notes. If he succeeds in neutralizing those who favor that system, and if they succeed in neutralizing him, that is perhaps as much as we can expect at the present time.

A MOUNTAIN PARADISE.

VENICE, October 31, 1893.

THIS morning, as I took my early walk to the Fondamenta Nuova, and looked northwards across the lagoons, there stood out in the distance a clear, marble-like parapet, extending from east to west for forty miles. The sight recalled the pallid peaks in the background of Titian's "Presentation of the Virgin"; it brought back also a recent delightful month spent in the midst of those magnificent and little visited mountains, among which Titian was born. The Dolomite Alps were before me. That there should be anything left to say in praise of that magnificent region is a proof of the existence of great currents of travel. The Gulf Stream of Americans flows across England to Belgium and France, up the Rhine or the Rhone to Switzerland, into certain valleys, such as Interlaken, Chamounix, and Zermatt, and thence southward across three or four passes—the Simplon, Gotthard, or Brenner—into Italy. Sometimes a traveller is caught by an eddy and drawn into the Vosges, or the Black Forest, or the Engadine; a few drift into a region only sixty miles or so from Innsbruck or Verona or Venice, yet still not unaptly described by the title of Miss Edwards's well-known book, 'Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys.' That book, written twenty-five years ago, called the attention of English travellers to the Dolomites; Ball's and Tuckett's guides drew the climbers; Gilbert and Churchill's beautifully illustrated volume attracted artists; the Germans descend upon it; the Austrians are proud of it; but if the testimony of inn registers and of personal experience in five journeys at different times may be accepted, the even monotony of the American cadence is almost unheard in the land. The few compatriots whom one meets are nearly all either artists or members of the American colony in Florence or Rome, who come up rather as Italians in *villeggiatura* than as Americans. Even our geologists have neglected a region in which both mountain-building and erosion have most significant illustration, and in which the modern "base-level" theory might be applied to the confutation of the old belief that the Dolomites are the ruins of a prodigious coral reef.

Without going into the question of the precise extent of the "true dolomitic" or magnesian limestone formation, the term Dolomites is by residents and travellers applied to a part of the southern slope of the Eastern Alps, occupying about sixty miles square, not far from the size of the Adirondacks. This region is cut off from the neighboring mountains by the deep valleys of the Eisack and Adige, the Drave and the Piave, on the west, north, and east respectively, and breaks off on the south into the lowlands of Venetia. Its mountains are visible from the usual highways only on the line from Verona to Venice and Pontebba, and at Botzen on the Brenner route; from the latter place one gets a view of the beautiful Rosengarten and the sister peaks. The Dolomite region is drained by a system of south-flowing rivers, in form not unlike the extended right hand; the thumb and forefinger are the Piave valley, with its main branches leading up to Cortina and Auronzo; the three other fingers are the Caprile, Primiero, and Sugana valleys. Between and beyond these streams and their affluents rise the mighty Dolomites.

The inexperienced traveller who supposes that a mountain is a mountain, learns his mistake as soon as he enters the Dolomites. In many respects they are unlike any of the other European or American groups. In the first place, they rise from a lower base than most of the high Alps; the valleys are cut deep, yet are seldom mere clefts in the rock, like the gorges of Switzerland; they are wide enough to furnish a contrast to their walls. Hence it is not uncommon to find what appear to be perpendicular peaks rising five, six, or seven thousand feet above their bases. In the second place, there are usually low taluses, clad with beautiful dense forest, sweeping up both sides of the valley. Above them shoot up mountains so strange, so fantastic, and so beautiful that the most blasé Alpinist is refreshed by them. Instead of the mighty sloping shoulders of the Swiss giants, rising like the roofs of a crystal city, we have here the perpendicular and horizontal elements, mountains built up in terraces, counterscarps, and towers. Almost every one of them, when seen at the proper angle, looks like a great organ, with pipes arranged in balanced wings, the longer in the centre. Unfortunately, few of them carry considerable glaciers; but one hardly misses the ice because of the splendid colors. Orange, red, golden yellow, creamy white, pink, and a soft gray are the prevailing colors—but each large group has its characteristic tint. The effect of the clusters of pinnacles soaring up out of the woods which hide their bases, is much enhanced by the separation of the great mountains from each other; they do not run into ranges, but stand each for itself. There is not one of them which a first-rate walker might not "circumnavigate" between sunrise and sunset; they stand as the Matterhorn stands, each one a monument. Hence, an individuality which makes them seem quite like friends as soon as one gets acquainted with them. Their very names are strange and imposing. Where else could one find such lofty titles as Duron, Cornon, Antelao, Sorapiss, Tofana, Nuvolau, Pomogagnon, Marmolada, Popena, or Cridola?

The people well correspond to the strength and picturesqueness of their surroundings. The Dolomite region has for centuries been a borderland in race, language, and government; and on each side something has been gained from the other. The boundary between Austria-Hungary and Italy zigzags through the mountains, although Italian is the language of most of the Tyrolese Dolomites. As elsewhere within the borders of the old Venetian Republic, the people are by tradition accustomed to peace and good order. Although the Italians have lately fortified nearly every pass on their side, and the Austrians are following their example, there are in the region over which the Lion of Saint Mark looked from his pillars only three or four castles or ruins of castles. Everybody knows that a mountain people is passionately devoted to liberty, tends to democracy and toleration, and is attached to the soil, but not to a dynasty. Has it not been so with the Greeks, the Welsh, and the Swiss? In the Austrian Dolomites, as in other parts of the Tyrol, we find an annoying disproof of these commonplaces. Here is a country very like Switzerland in topography, like Switzerland thrust between northern and southern civilizations, having an early history much like that of Switzerland; yet the Tyrol is the most monarchical country in Europe, and the most sternly Catholic. Even the Sette Communi, a little further to the south, a German-speaking republic for centuries, has lost both its language and its individuality; and when I visited it in 1885, it had become a matter-of-fact and loyal part of the kingdom of Italy. The contrast between the mountain Swiss and the mountain Tyrolese is shown also in the superior thrift and cleanliness of the latter. No Tyrolese village that I have ever visited shows the filth, squalor, and discomfort of the houses in Zermatt or Visp; and the detached peasants' farmsteads are larger, better, cleaner, and freer from intimate association with the cattle. In manners and appearance there is also an advantage: the Tyrolese are comfortably dressed, civil and genial; they have taken some good qualities from their southern neighbors.

Across the Italian border, the people seem to have borrowed less from the Tyrolese. Perhaps to an infusion of northern blood is due the remarkable beauty of many of the people; rosy children, comely maidens, even lithe and handsome old men and women may be found everywhere. But the Italian villages are dark and dirty; the old timber houses, however attractive to the photographer or artist, are dens of filth, blackened by the smoke of unchimneyed hearths. There are more people in the high valleys than the land can well support; hence emigration to America has set in. (This efflux is taking away the last remnants of a once thriving and still artistic industry. The gondola prows and fire-dogs and cranes of bright hammered iron continue to be made in Dont di Zoldo.) Even in remote and dirty villages one meets everywhere with civility and often with cordiality. Strangers are too few to be looked upon (as they are in Switzerland) as a kind of money on deposit for the benefit of the natives.

If travellers eventually destroy this seclusion, the increasing ease of access to the Dolomites will be a misfortune. From Toblach on the Pusterthalbahn, between Franzensfeste and Villach, it is three hours' easy driving to Cortina; from Feltre to Primiero, or from Belluno to Pieve di Cadoro, is but four or five hours, and a railroad to Cortina and another into the Val Sugana from Trent are now projected. Into the Dolomites one ought only to drive or walk. The few chaussées are well kept, and while nowhere, except just below Primiero, equalling the Swiss passes in grandeur, they all command superb views. As one drives, the great individual mountains rise, change, and fall behind, each as distinct as the Rock of Gibraltar. The few cross-roads penetrate up to the faces of the finest mountains, but they are uncomfortable for driving.

Roads are less necessary in a country in which nature so encourages the pedestrian. Between any two adjacent mountains is always a pass, sometimes steep, but seldom difficult; the views are but little inferior to those from the summits; and it is easy to arrange "round trips" ending at the point of departure. Sometimes the inns are unattractive; at Auronzo the cattle had the lower story, the kitchen and dining-room were above them, and the guests lodged still one story higher. Indeed, in all the Dolomites there are but three places—Landro, San Martino, and Cortina—in which there are comfortable hotels suitable for a long stay. But the traveller, even in remote valleys, usually finds plain but kindly inns.

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Such was that at Fusine, in the Zoldo valley, to which I came one night in September, tired with a long tramp round about Pelmo, and where I found a large, reasonably clean building, provided with the delightful chimney-corner common on the Italian border. Around three sides of a hearth six feet square were benches; a hood caught the smoke from the fire of long sticks and conducted it into the chimney. In the middle stood a great pair of those splendid hammered iron fire-dogs which I had come into the valley to seek, tall, gracefully formed, and hung with a panoply of fire-tools. In a few minutes my supper was cooking in a pot hanging over the fire, aided by the hostess and her family of ten handsome children. The Juno-like eldest daughter brought the coals to a flame with the blow-pipe, the usual substitute for the bellows; the older children furnished wood; the younger ones gazed; the stately mother tasted; the host amiably conversed with the guest, and, finding him deficient in Italian, sent for the village doctor, who could talk German. Agreeable warmth, the smell of *pollo con riso*, and conversation with an educated and genial man combined to make it a place of grateful memory. For supper, lodging, and breakfast, each as good as the house could afford, the host thought three lire a sufficient charge. It was no more reasonable in proportion than the rates at some of the more pretentious houses. Three gulden a day—about eight dollars and a half a week—is the rate at the best houses in the region, for guests who spend some time.

Even for mountain-climbers the Dolomites have many attractions. The ascents are not very long and rarely lead over snow; but the rock work is "interesting"—that is, dangerous. A noted Alpinist told us that it was "shocking" to see the precipices up which the leading guide made his way; and the Kleine Zinne is said to be more difficult than the Matterhorn. Perhaps, after all, those get almost as much enjoyment who simply sit upon their terraces and watch the lights shift along the cliffs. From Cortina one sees grouped about him eight of the greatest Dolomites, and even thence there is no view of Pelmo, Civetta, and Marmolada, king, queen, and prime minister of the realm. Whoever once gets within the magic region as geologist, tourist, pedestrian, climber, or simple lover of nature will surely come again. ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

PASQUIER'S NAPOLEONIC MEMOIRS.—IV.

PARIS, November 7, 1893.

IT is a bad habit of publishers to issue historical memoirs in separate volumes at different dates. It will be time enough to return to General Thiébault's Memoirs when the second volume makes its appearance. I have now before me the second volume of the Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier, a volume full of interest, as it covers the extraordinary, I might almost say the epic, period of the Russian war and the first invasion of France in 1814. During this period, from 1812 to 1814, Pasquier was prefect of police; he had, therefore, the best means of information, and he became one of the most important witnesses and actors in a great historic drama.

The second volume opens with the account of the conspiracy of Gen. Malet, an event which showed to the astonished world on what a shallow basis the power of Napoleon rested. The Emperor was in Russia, and the French heard of his operations only through the rare and brief bulletins which he sent from time to time. Paris was uneasy; the ministers were tormented with fears, and one of them, Decrès, Minister of the Navy, said one day to Pasquier: "The Emperor doesn't see what everybody sees. . . . Marmont has been beaten in Spain by Wellington; Spain will be lost in six months. . . . All this will have no effect; the Emperor will merely ask for new conscripts. The Senate has just given him 140,000; that makes 440,000 for this year. Do you think the cord will long resist? . . . No; I tell you, he is a lost man." Pasquier adds, with some simplicity: "My position was difficult on hearing such words from the mouth of a personage with whom I had no real intimacy; I offered some objections *pro forma*."

Gen. Malet had served first in the mousquetaires. During the Revolution he showed himself an ardent revolutionist; none of the horrors of the Revolution had discouraged him; he was one of the Terrorists of the army. He had seen with much displeasure the substitution of the Empire for the Republic, and had entered into various plots against the Emperor. He was a member of a secret society, the "Philadelphes," composed of republicans and of Chouans. In 1812 he was imprisoned, but, on pretext of his health, was allowed to go from the prison of La Force to a *maison de santé* in the Faubourg St.-Antoine. He found there M. de Polignac, and several royalists, among whom were a certain Abbé Lafon and M. de Puyvert.

Malet's plot was as audacious as it was simple—to put on his uniform of general, to present himself at the door of two barracks, to announce the death of Napoleon in Russia, to read a supposed senatus-consultum abolishing the Empire, establishing a provisional government, giving full powers to Gen. Malet, and placing all the troops at his disposition. Such were the main features of a plan conceived by Malet and M. Lafon, and executed by them, with the help of two or three persons, for there were only five persons in the secret.

In the middle of the night Malet succeeded in forming a force of 1,200 men, and marched on La Force, where he delivered some political prisoners, among whom was a Gen. Lahorie. He then proceeded to the Place Vendôme, and, finding that Gen. Hulin would not believe him, he fired a pistol shot at him with his own hand. He was on the point of firing at another general, the chief of staff, when he was arrested by the guard of the hôtel. Meanwhile Lahorie had arrested Pasquier and the Duke of Rovigo; a detachment had gone to the Prefect of the Seine, Frochot, who for a moment was completely taken in and offered no resistance whatever. A military commission was appointed. Pasquier confesses that all the researches made in order to find accomplices among republicans or royalists were vain. Five men were condemned and executed, as well as eight officers or non-commissioned officers who had followed Malet too readily. Malet and Lahorie both died with the greatest courage.

The impression made on Napoleon by this unexpected event was very great. It was not easy to persuade him that the imperial police was not at fault, but Malet had really taken very few people into his confidence. Napoleon returned from Russia, after the evacuation of Moscow, and arrived on the 18th of December, 1812; he received the next day the Senate and the Council of State. He appeared greatly incensed at the idea that when the rumors of his own death had been spread abroad, the rights of his infant child, the King of Rome, had been forgotten. "Our fathers," said he, "had for their cry: 'Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!' In these few words were contained the chief advantages of monarchy." M. Frochot, who had not made even a show of resistance to the conspirators, lost his office of Councillor of State and of Prefect of the Seine. Napoleon manifested no severity towards Pasquier; he merely remarked to him, "Well, Mr. Prefect, you, too, have had your bad day; there are such days in life."

The coalition was forming after the disasters of the Russian campaign. Napoleon had to create new armies.

"In this year, 1813, from the 11th of January to the 7th of October, 840,000 men had been drafted in France. I have already told of the sacrifice of the preceding year, which was enormous. Never, I believe, in any country was the like ever seen; never had a nation been asked in this way to be led to butchery. France could do it no more; that is the truth, and therein is the secret and the explanation of what happened afterwards. With these successive appeals to conscription, past, present, and future, with these brevets of lieutenants imposed on the young men of the best families, even when they had escaped conscription or bought substitutes in accordance with the law, there was not a family left which was not in alarm when it was not in tears."

"What happened afterwards," to use Pasquier's words, was the invasion of France. When the Corps Législatif met on the 19th of December, 1813, a new decree was made, organizing 160,000 men of the national guard in cohorts; in that year as many as 1,300,000 men had been called under arms. Pasquier tells us that inscriptions were beginning to appear on the walls of Paris of "À bas le tyran!" When Napoleon left the Tuileries, a man said, "Will nobody deliver us from this rascal?" The man was arrested; his name was Bassompierre, an historical name. There was but one witness, a gendarme, to testify against him. Bassompierre denied having said anything, and pretended that the gendarme had made a mistake. Pasquier put the case before Napoleon, who contented himself with sending Bassompierre to Tours, where he was to remain free, but under the eye of the police.

On the 3d of January, 1814, Pasquier was alone with the Emperor.

"Well, what do they say in Paris? Do they know that the enemy's armies have positively crossed the Rhine?" "Yes, Sire; they learned it yesterday." "How numerous do people suppose that they are?" "They speak of 200,000 men." "They are many more—from three to four hundred thousand, and they have crossed the Rhine at seven or eight different points. What do people expect of me?" "They do not doubt that your Majesty will at once put yourself at the head of the troops and march against the enemy." "My troops! my troops! Do they think that I still have an army? Almost all the men whom I brought from Germany have fallen victims to this terrible disease which has been the culmination of my disasters. An army! I shall be very fortunate if, three weeks hence, I succeed in bringing thirty to forty thousand men together."

Napoleon, in the midst of all his cares, was haunted with the idea that the return of the house of Bourbon had become a possibility: "I am not far," says Pasquier, "from believing that his pride was flattered by the thought that he could be displaced only by this ancient dynasty. This preoccupation must have been very strong, for twice he spoke of them to me. 'You are too young to have really known the house of Bourbon; you had hardly come into the world when the Revolution began.' I answered him that three years ago I was already a councillor in the Parlement of Paris." At another time Napoleon put him questions about the princes, especially about Monsieur. Napoleon

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often put such questions to the Duc de Vicence (Caulaincourt), who had been in the household of the Condés. The Emperor had given to Talleyrand a place in the Council of Regency which he instituted when he took the field. He had lost confidence in him, but he dreaded him; he had thought for a moment of shutting him up in the prison of Vincennes before leaving Paris. M. de Talleyrand had been preserved from this danger by the representations which were made to Napoleon by M. de Cambacérès, the Duc de Vicence, and even the Duc de Rovigo. Napoleon's instinct was right, for Talleyrand became the chief instrument in the restoration of the Bourbons. The princes entered France; the royalist party in Paris sent M. de Vitrolles to the headquarters of the Allies. Bordeaux opened its doors to the Duc d'Angoulême. All these events are well known, as well as the incidents of the short campaign, during which Napoleon showed himself the greatest strategist of his time. All was vain; the Allies marched on Paris, and the battle before the capital ended in its capitulation.

At this critical moment Pasquier becomes very interesting, almost dramatic. As prefect of police, he had to go to the Russian headquarters, in order to settle a number of details connected with the entrance of Alexander and his army into Paris. Alexander was at the château of Bondy.

"This château was occupied by my grandfather at the time of my early infancy. . . . I was brought back to it by one of the greatest events which had taken place since the beginning of the monarchy. I brought the submission of the city of Paris to a sovereign whose states a century ago were hardly known to our fathers, and who, advancing from the borders of Asia, dragging the whole of Germany after him, came to impose his law on the France of Clovis, of Charlemagne, of Henri IV., of Louis XIV., of Napoleon! And we had ourselves gone to seek him in his cold domain; we had brought him and his Tartars on our tracks by the light of his burning capital and cities."

It is not often that the generally prosaic Pasquier becomes grandiloquent, but the circumstances were such as would have moved even a colder heart.

Nesselrode showed Pasquier a proclamation of Schwarzenberg, in which it was said that "the allied sovereigns were looking in good faith for a salutary authority in France which could unite itself with all nations and governments." The city of Paris was expected to express what it meant by a "salutary authority." Alexander was waiting only for the expression of the wishes of Paris. Napoleon, however, was excluded. When Alexander received Pasquier and the representatives of the Municipal Council who accompanied him, he did not conceal his sentiments with regard to Napoleon. "I have," said he, "but one enemy in France; it is the man who has unworthily deceived me, who has violated all his oaths to me, who has waged in my states the most unjust and impious war. All reconciliation between him and me is impossible." This was repeated in twenty different ways. The Emperor, in order to enforce his views, granted to Pasquier all he asked; the national guard of Paris was to keep its arms and to continue its service; all public and private properties were to be respected.

The Emperor Alexander entered Paris the next day. He heard some royalist acclamations, "Vivent les Bourbons," but only in the quarter of the Boulevard de la Madeleine; the great majority of the Parisians remained silent. A council was held at Talleyrand's hôtel, where Alexander took up his quarters. Talleyrand used his persuasive powers and his influence in order that in a new proclamation the allied sovereigns should declare that they would not treat with Napoleon nor with any member of his family. "This was easily accepted; in great affairs, when a certain point is gained, nobody cares to discuss the rest." The great point was Napoleon's exclusion; his family was the rest. "Prince Schwarzenberg and Prince Lichtenstein thus formally consented to exclude from the throne of France the son of the Archduchess Marie Louise. . . . Most certainly they had no authorization from their sovereign for entering into such an engagement." The crisis was now coming to its end. The Allies were in Paris; they refused to treat with Napoleon, and Napoleon was in the rear of their armies and approaching Fontainebleau.

Correspondence.

THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION AND McKINLEY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My former letter, published in your issue of November 9, called attention to the American Protective Association. "There can be little doubt that this movement contributed not a little to the phenomenal majority of McKinley in the campaign just closed—how much, of course, cannot be told. We have to deal with the often intangible influence of a secret society, and he would be a daring man who should endeavor to discover the exact number of votes lost to Neal and gained to McKinley by it. The principal reason for McKinley's great triumph was doubtless the prevailing hard times and lack of employment. The Governor conducted a splendid campaign. Almost every part of the State was visited, and he made sometimes three or four speeches a day. He remembered, no doubt, that at his door had been laid the responsibility for the two most crushing defeats ever sustained by his party, and he determined to retrieve his political fortunes. His knock-down argument was: "These are Democratic times; how do you like them?" The party in power was blamed for the distress. Then there was the usual apathy following a Presidential election, with its horde of disappointed office-seekers. Neal's following is hardly in entire sympathy with Cleveland's administration. Many felt a desire to rebuke the party for the long and shameful obstruction in the Senate on the repeal of the silver-purchase clause of the Sherman law.

In addition to all this I am persuaded that the anti-Catholic movement had a weighty influence. This county (Franklin) is usually Democratic, but this year the Republicans carried all the offices but one. It is said that most of the Republican candidates are members of the A. P. A. Quite a number of Democrats are members of this secret organization, and have therefore taken an oath not to countenance the nomination or election of any Roman Catholic. Their votes were in all probability cast for McKinley. I am informed that representatives of that society approached one of the Democratic candidates for reëlection with the promise of the support of the order if he would agree to join it, and to discharge his Roman Catholic clerks. He refused and was beaten. The one Democrat elected is reported to have joined the A. P. A.. This is certainly true, that, a few days before election, the Columbus *Record*, the organ of the anti-Catholic movement, came out advising support of him.

At the beginning of the campaign, the *Catholic Telegraph*, published in Cincinnati, in an editorial asked both McKinley and Neal where they stood as regards the attempt of the A. P. A. "to abridge and destroy their civil and religious liberties." Copies of the paper were sent to both candidates. McKinley's private secretary acknowledged receiving it, and promised to bring the matter to the Governor's attention when he returned home. Nothing further was heard from Mr. McKinley. The Governor evidently knew on which side his bread was buttered, and, like a long-headed politician, kept a judicious silence. Mr. Neal responded at once, that he had no sympathy with any organization that sought to restrict the civil and religious liberties of the Catholic citizens of Ohio. Doubtless this courageous answer cost Mr. Neal many votes. Gov. McKinley led the ticket, receiving a total of 15,960 votes, being 1,089 more than the least number received by a winning candidate, and 225 more than the one who stood next to him. There was but one Roman Catholic in the field, the Democratic nominee for auditor. His competitor came next to McKinley in the number of votes received. There can be little doubt that a goodly number of otherwise Republican voters scratched the county ticket in opposition to the A. P. A. I heard several declare their intention so to do, and one paper on election day reported that business men were doing it to some extent. This accounts for McKinley's lead. He received the total vote of his party and, in addition, all Democrats members of, or in sympathy with, the A. P. A.

Respectfully yours, Alexander Milne.

Columbus, O., November 14, 1893.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S COMPLICITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Before acceding to the request of Mr. "H." of the University Club at Boston to acquit President Cleveland of responsibility for the axe-swinging performances of Messrs. Quincy and Maxwell at Washington, I would ask you to investigate and consider the question of his complicity in similar but more aggravated performances still going on at the capital, particularly in the Departments of the Interior and the Treasury. The field is too broad a one to be surveyed in full within the compass of this letter, but I will confine myself to the single class of men, or the widows or daughters of men, who, having served their country honorably on its battlefields, are daily being turned out of their little places in the public offices here, in their declining years, on the verge of a distressful winter, without impeachment of their character or capacity or of their political inoffensiveness.

I suspect there are many readers of the *Nation* besides myself who would be glad to know, or believe, that President Cleveland is in blissful ignorance of the stain that some of the men he has chosen to be heads of departments and bureaus at Washington are putting on their and our country's name, by practices that no civilized people could honestly sanction or defend. C. F. B.

Washington, D. C., November 17, 1893.

HIGHFALUTIN IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One of the curiosities displayed by the State of New York at the World's Fair was a pamphlet entitled 'The Schools of New York,'

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and professing to be a portion of the "New York State Educational Exhibit." It bears the arms of the State on the cover, and is prepared by the "Department of Public Instruction." Your readers, I am sure, will be interested in a specimen of this document, and I shall ask space for only one "elegant extract," which represents very fairly the purpose, the taste, and the rhetoric of the modest anonymous writer. I quote from page 70:

"The sunrise of education in this State, over two centuries ago, was full of cloud and doubt and uncertain presages. But the glorious orb has now mounted to the top of its noonday tower, and all clouds are melted away into the blue, while in every part of this broad land, from Lake Erie to Montauk, from the North woods to the Pennsylvania line, the light of education falls on thousands of schoolhouses with their million pupils. But wonderful as the advance in New York in two centuries and a half has been in all educational departments, the exceptional productive and vivifying power that seems to permeate this State in everything it essays in the line of progress, cannot fail to bring forth, ere the twentieth century is well advanced, such results in public instruction as will make the ignorant man in New York as extinct as the dodo. The wonderful possibilities of education and the far-distant heights yet unclimbed by our educators, are mirrored with faithful distinctness in the translucent lake of our common-school system. We look forward confidently to the day when the system shall pervade every part of the State, *as the sole representative of the intellectual needs of the people, controlling colleges as well as country schools*, inspiring all within the commonwealth, gathering in all the children of school age, filling the entire territory of the State with schools—to which, as architectural features alone, each locality will point with pride to the inquiring stranger—supplying even the humblest country schools with a corps of trained, zealous teachers, who will look upon teaching as a noble profession, not as a makeshift or stepping-stone to something else, filling the land with normal schools, teachers' institutes, training classes, and educational conventions and societies, and acting as an invigorating elixir to every branch of industrial development within the State. Grand as the present prospect is, when we look around the educational horizon, it is but a small area compared with that which the schools of the future in the Empire State will occupy."

This dithyrambic peroration requires very little commentary. The lines I have underscored allude to a favorite scheme of the author, that all the departments of education in the State should be merged into one, viz., "the Department of Public Instruction," for which he apparently speaks. By this process, of course, the "Board of Regents" would be abolished; though, curiously enough, almost every distinguished man whom the author mentions as connected with the advancement of education in the State was a member of this Board. As to the present methods of the Department of Public Instruction, your readers may be glad to know (page 47) that "no military system of supervision, even in the Napoleonic era, was more complete and more readily managed by an individual head than is the Department of Public Instruction of the State of New York."

As to the present attitude of this Department—"which is to control colleges as well as country schools"—towards the higher university education, the author quotes with approval the Chadbandish declaration of a former superintendent, "Advanced study is not to be despised, *when well grounded*." (The italics are mine.) He also speaks of "the impuberal [*sic*] condition of the common schools," and remarks that "the policy of the Stuarts, and their successors, the Guelphs, was to discourage popular education, etc."

These excerpts suggest the general tone of a pamphlet which was circulated widely at the Exposition. I offer them practically without comment, because they have a natural eloquence which I cannot improve. But I wonder how the document struck the people at Chicago. I wonder how it struck M. Gabriel Compayré, for instance, and the other distinguished gentlemen who assembled there to investigate our system of education. The Chicago people are proverbially sanguine, but I believe that even they will shake their heads sceptically over the date assigned for the extinction of the dodo-ignoramus in the State of New York. They may ask us, "*How are you going to do it?* Will you rely exclusively upon the Napoleonic aid of the Department of Public Instruction? And if so, does this pamphlet represent, or does it misrepresent, the culture and the spirit of the administration which supervises your common schools?"

A TEACHER.

NOVEMBER 13, 1893.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is with some misgiving that I send this letter lest I write myself down a hopeless reactionist; yet it is because I would fain *not* be such a reactionist that I venture this prayer for light, and modestly ask the question: What is the real difference between a prize-fight and a game of football? I have been interested in the noble ardor of the Brooklyn clergy in their attempt to stay proceedings in the meeting between Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Corbett, and I understand that the objections to a prize-fight are three in number: (*a*) It is brutal; men are injured and blood is spilled. (*b*) It encourages gambling. (*c*) It tends to over-much hilarity and disorderly conduct. During this season I have kept a list of some of the results of football as follows: Under head (*a*): The team of ——— College so disabled that only two men were able to appear for some days. A man so injured in his side that he was obliged to play in a steel corset or cuirass. Three broken legs. Two broken arms. Man carried from the field with a terrible cut in his head and blood running profusely over his clothing. One nose broken. One man now hanging between life and death. One man killed. Under (*b*): One needs only to talk with men interested in such matters to learn, and even see for himself if he cares to, that large sums of money change hands with every important game. The irresistible desire which college men have to see a good game leads many to wager money in hopes of paying their expenses to the grounds. If they lose—what new moral complications are introduced into their lives? Under (*c*): We remember when, at the last Yale-Princeton game, New York was "painted red." The same thing happened with possibly a somewhat subdued color in other cities. We read in our papers yesterday that some disorderly students were arrested after last Saturday's game. The faculty of a certain college have been obliged to order their men after the next great game to be at home before midnight, lest disorderly conduct be repeated. Possibly some of us have seen this disorder and know what it means.

Now, in a prize-fight, the people injured are those whom society can manage to do without. Our football players, on the contrary, are fine educated young fellows, on whom the country is to depend. The crowd who bet and carouse at a prize-fight belong to a set who gamble and drink on every occasion, and the fight is simply an opportunity, not a temptation. The men (and women too) who lose control of themselves during and after a football game are accustomed to lead reasonably respectable lives, and find in the wild excitement of the time a temptation as well as an occasion for sin. Why is one so disreputable, the other permitted if not encouraged by the leading institutions of the land? If it be said that men fight for money and kick football for fun, it might be replied that the gate receipts of a game bring thousands of dollars to the competing teams, and I am informed that any first-rate baseball or football player can have all his college expenses paid. This, however, may be a "campaign lie."

I am not writing as a judge, nor that I may condemn what public sentiment seems to condone. I am simply curious to know what subtle distinction exists which makes Mitchell's cake vicious and Princeton's ale virtuous. Let there be light.

E. L. STODDARD.

ST. JOHN'S RECTORY,
JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, Nov. 13, 1893.

DILÎP SINH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the obituary notice of this erratic person just published in the London *Times* there are two points which seem to deserve brief comment. We there read:

"Doubts have been raised as to Dhuleep Singh's parentage; but it is needless to consider the question. First Runjeet Singh, and then the British Government, recognized him as legitimate; and, for all practical purposes, that decides the matter."

In the article *Sikhs*, in the first edition of 'Chambers's Enclopædia,' we read, also:

"Every loyal Sikh is still confident that his people is suffering but a transitory depression, and that it is destined to retrieve, and even to surpass, its bygone glory. In the meantime, the reputed son of a wife or concubine of Ranjît Sinh, Dilîp Sinh, is a pensioner of the British Government, has professed Christianity, and has taken up his abode in England."

After a good deal of research, it was found impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that which I thus expressed. The fact is, that, as regards Dilîp Sinh's father and mother, there is not the slightest evidence who or what they were. Presumably, one or other of them was dark-skinned; and that is about all that we can even conjecture about them.

"Of his own free will," the *Times* further states, Dilîp Sinh "came to reside in England, and adopted the Christian religion." This will certainly be taken to mean that first he came to England, and embraced Christianity subsequently. It so happens that I had a slight acquaintance with him in India, shortly after he had been baptized by an American missionary in the Panjâb. The name of the missionary I have forgotten; but some one of your readers can, I have no doubt, furnish it.

Of Dilîp Sinh the *Times* says: "Even after the folly of the rulers and the military ardour of the Sikhs had brought about the loss of his crown, he might, with ordinary prudence, have procured, for himself and his family, a prominent and permanent position among the British aristocracy." To old-fashioned Englishmen this must suggest an admirable method of reinforcing, at need, the ranks of those who would check the pestilent progress of liberalism. The method may be formulated as follows: "Catch a semi-barbarian of large possessions and influence, who passes for a Christian; relieve him of the burden of his patrimonial wealth and power; pretend that he once had a title, the very memory of which is venerable, to the sacred attribute of regality; pension

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him liberally out of the spoils of unscrupulously selfish conquest; and accept him as pretty much on an equality with the notabilities who stand nearest to the throne." The effect of such a device on the swinish democracy can be safely predicted.

In the third volume of the *Missionary*, published at Calcutta in 1853, appeared an enthusiastic article, by its editor, the Rev. Dr. William Kay, on "The Baptism of Maharaja Dulleep Singh." It begins: "The baptism of an Indian prince may be celebrated as a new era in the annals of the church. There are but few instances, in the whole history of Christianity, of crowned heads' being washed by the waters of regeneration, after the deliberate renouncement of paganism and conviction of evangelical truth." Mention being premised of Alfred and Guthrum, Clovis of France, and Ethelbert of Kent, the learned and hopeful divine continues:

"We venture, however, to think that the case of the convert Dulleep Singh contains in it elements of greater interest than any of these. . . . The veneration naturally due to the memory of an illustrious father, whose greatness, as a king, was consistent with his antipathy to Christianity, had to be corrected. . . . Man had deprived him of his *Koh-i-noor;* God has given him 'the pearl of great price,' the *true mountain of Light.* . . . He was placed under circumstances which were sanctified by Divine grace to lead to his conversion. . . . Such an event is, no doubt, intended, in the counsels of God, to give a more than ordinary impulse to the progress of the Gospel in India. But it is not in man to lift up the veil which shrouds the future."

And, if it could have been lifted up, Dilip Sinh would have been revealed as abjuring, in his ignorant maturity, for Sikhism, the Christian profession of his ignorant boyhood; for he was baptized at the age of fifteen. That he abjured his abjuration is, however, to be presumed, seeing that, when he was buried, two days ago, in the Elveden churchyard, the local clergy officiated at his funeral. The occasion was signalized by wreaths and deputy mourners sent by the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and what not. And so ended the career of a man who, for all his £40,000 a year, existed to no discoverable good purpose whatever.

F. H.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, October 30, 1893.

Notes.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO. will issue on December 1 'Reality versus Romance in South Central Africa,' an account by Dr. James Johnston of his west-east transcontinental journey from Benguela to the mouth of the Zambesi three years ago. Its large and numerous photographic illustrations promise to be highly valuable.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert have nearly ready 'Two German Giants: Frederic the Great and Bismarck,' by John Lord, D.D., and 'The Sistine Madonna: A Christmas Meditation,' by Amory H. Bradford.

Prof. Ely's new book on 'Socialism' is in the press of T. Y. Crowell & Co., for publication in the spring.

Merrill & Baker announce 'Apprentices to Destiny,' a novel of the cultured West, by Lily A. Long.

J. Selwin Tait & Sons have in press Memoirs of the late Mrs. Botta, edited by Prof. Vincenzo Botta, with a portrait; and a story of the Lincolnshire fens, 'Cheap-Jack Zita,' by S. Baring-Gould.

Three books announced in London by Mr. Elliot Stock are likely to be interesting to lovers of books as books. One is an English translation of M. Octave Uzanne's belated volume on the Parisian book-stalls, with an introduction by Mr. Birrell. Another is a 'History of the Art of Book-Binding,' by Mr. W. Salt Brassington, to be elaborately illustrated. The third is 'Book-Song: An Anthology of Poems of Books and Bookmen,' which seems to be an attempt to do over again the American selection known as 'Ballads of Books.'

Estes & Lauriat issue, in the style of 'The Lily of the Arno' and of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s 'Marble Faun,' Mrs. Clement's 'Queen of the Adriatic.' The text is a rambling mixture of compilation and impressions, and the photogravures give as good an idea of Venice as photographs can, which is not very good. Venice without color is not Venice.

Some of Walter Crane's illustrative designs for Mrs. Deland's 'Old Garden' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) are fanciful and graceful, but all together they do not reach his highest level. They are printed in colors on one side only of the paper, which is folded in the Japanese way. The old-English type may be in harmony with the designs, but is cruel to the eyes, and makes it certain that the book will be looked at, not read.

To a large proportion of the readers of Mr. Barrett Wendell's 'Stelligeri, and Other Essays concerning America' (Charles Scribner's Sons) the first part of the title will not be enlightening. According to the old nomenclature of the Harvard quinquennial catalogue, the *stelligeri* were, it seems, those members of each class who were reported as dead. Their names were marked with an asterisk, and a comment at the end of the roll stated in regard to them: *E vivis cesserunt.* Star-bearers, indeed, by right of death or fame, are those of whom Mr. Wendell's essays treat, for two are on Lowell and Whittier, and almost all of the others have to do with the emotional and spiritual life of the Puritans. The latter, Mr. Wendell asserts, were men of more imagination than they are credited with, in that their test of election, the power of exerting the will in harmony with that of God, forced on them a life of passionate idealism. In another essay he ingeniously suggests that some of the Salem witches were, after all, guilty, not of the crimes of which they were accused, but of habitually exercising, for evil purposes, an hypnotic influence over weak creatures about them. The longest essay in the volume is that on American literature, which the author finds non-existent; the best is a vivid portrait of Lowell as he seemed to one of his pupils. Throughout the book Mr. Wendell has much to say that is worth listening to about the permanent and impermanent elements of Puritanism, and the degree to which both should contribute to our treatment of the new problems which America has now to solve.

Dr. Albert Palmberg's 'Treatise on Public Health and its Applications in Different Countries' (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan) is a unique and valuable collection of facts, comparisons, and commentaries. This edition is a translation from the French, the original work being in Swedish; and the translator, Dr. Arthur Newsholme, is also the editor, and has made it complete so far as English legislation and comment thereon are concerned. The author is the medical officer of health for Helsingfors, Finland. He starts with the fundamental idea that public hygiene is the most empirical of sciences, and that a competent knowledge of sanitary arrangements is best acquired by studying the practical working of those that have been enforced by statute or regulation. For this purpose Great Britain, Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, Sweden, and Finland have been drawn upon, and the result might well be called Commentaries on Comparative Sanitary Law. England confessedly leads in general practical sanitation, and it is therefore satisfactory to find about two-fifths of the book to be given up to that kingdom and Scotland, and the editor's comments to be uniformly intelligent and practical. A great deal of the English law is of no importance to us in its municipal dress, but nearly the whole of the results that bear on public health is of value. Detailed criticism properly belongs to the technical periodicals, but the general character of the work is good. We may express our surprise, however, that, with London's superb ambulance service for its infectious hospitals, it should rest content with the meagre transportation by stretcher for its sudden casualties by injury or disease.

"In 1892 occurred the publication and sale of the first edition of 10,000 copies of 'King's Handbook of New York City.'" This entry we find among the notable events of the past year as recorded in the second edition of the above work, which has been enlarged by one-tenth as to pages and one-quarter as to cuts, and now offers a very solid mass of information well-arranged and well-indexed (Boston: Moses King). It is without a rival.

The Western eagle screams aloud in 'Shepp's World's Fair Photographed' (Chicago: Globe Publishing Co.) This is a stout album of plates commemorating the main aspects of the Fair, without and within, and, incomplete as it is, probably containing views of some objects overlooked by almost any visitor. The process prints are rather dead, but they serve their purpose; the text, as we have intimated, abounds in superlative laudation and glorification. It repeats the old fable as to the original of the New York State Building.

Profs. Williams and Clark of Johns Hopkins University have shown their usual enterprise and public spirit in the preparation of an excellent account of the Geology and Physical Features of Maryland for the 'World's Fair Book' of that State. It includes chapters on the topography, climate, and geology; this last divided under the Piedmont plateau, the Appalachian mountain region, and the coastal plain. There are several climatic charts, an excellent geological map, and a number of views of characteristic scenery. Among the latter, the beautiful view looking west over the Cumberland valley from the crest of the Blue Ridge deserves especial mention. These chapters have been separately reprinted, and are for sale by the university at the very moderate price of a dollar.

Among the many other World's Fair books, mention may be made of an attractive little pamphlet distributed from the North Dakota State Building. It presents some admirable views of the great wheat fields of the Red River valley, the cattle ranges of the uplands, and the dairy farms of the Missouri valley. The changes wrought in ten years of our rapid civilization are shown by views of the shanties in which the "early settlers" of 1882 first made their homes, and of the comfortable modern houses and commodious barns which now succeed them.

The approaching close of the year is attended with the usual crop of calendars. The largest and most showy yet to hand is the "Times and Seasons Calendar for 1894," from E. P.

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Dutton & Co. These hinged sheets are decorated in quiet good taste if without any originality of design, the color printing having been done in Bavaria. The drawings and the text have a religious motive. Mary A. Lathbury's "Good Cheer Calendar" (Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.) makes child-life the subject of its colored vignettes, and offers extracts from the greater and the minor poets along with Miss Lathbury's own verse, all with a view to the infant mind. In book form, and very dainty in every way, is the 'Calendar of Verse' (Thos. Whittaker), to which Mr. George Saintsbury furnishes an introduction that, in spite of some affectation and exaggeration, may be read with profit. The novelty of the selections, which are decidedly to be praised in point of taste, lies in the assigning of each month to a separate poet, beginning with Shakspere. William Morris is the only living poet admitted. Last of all we mention here a second collection by Mr. Horace P. Chandler under the title of 'The Lover's Year-Book of Poetry,' in two volumes (Boston: Roberts Bros.). "Married Life and Child-Life" is the principle of selection, and American minor poetry the most noticeable source. The standard is not high, if the cultivation of anything but sentiment is in view.

We have received from the *Librairie de l'Art* (Paris: G. Pierson & Cie.) a fresh budget of collected material for art study. Two folio brochures embrace respectively examples of the work of sculptors and animal-painters of many schools, the French preponderating, especially in the former. We miss here altogether any hint of the American school which the World's Fair proved must hereafter be reckoned with. Perhaps the most striking piece is Deloye's grim bust of Littré. The sketchy character of these memoranda lends itself better to the animal designs than to the statuary. Another and smaller series is called "Bibliothèque d'Éducation Artistique," in six-penny numbers. One section is devoted to alphabets, a second to decorative *motifs*. Three of the alphabets are from pen-drawings by Jules Habert-Dys, and are useful as warning examples; so are his three "motives." In both lots the exemplary designs are very few in number. Finally there is *L'Imagerie d'Art*, a Sunday penny "journal of popular instruction," without text save the legends of the heterogeneous plates and a line of biography of the artist in each case. The press-work in all these issues corresponds to the low price.

Lecène, Oudin & Cie. have added two more volumes to their collection of "Classiques Populaires," both excellent and full of matter and both written by men well acquainted with their subject. M. Léon Clédat's 'La Poésie au Moyen-Âge' will be consulted by others than the lovers of popularized literature. It is a clear exposition of that interesting literature, so long unknown and so ignorantly disdained, which is adorned by many a name now well known to every student of French letters. Systematically planned and intelligently wrought out, fully illustrated with specimens of mediæval poetry, modernized merely enough to make the meaning plain, M. Clédat's book gives the right kind of information which the well-bred man desires to possess without having to make a special study of the subject. The preliminary chapter on French versification and poetic forms, especially in the middle ages, is a fit preface to the review of the southern and northern poets which follows. To those who have read the monograph on Rutebeuf in Hachette's collection, M. Clédat's name will be sufficient warrant for the excellence of this latest work of his.

The other volume, on 'Chateaubriand,' is from the pen of M. Agénor Bardoux, whose name is familiar to readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The book is opportune, Chateaubriand's name and influence having come to the front again of late in the discussions aroused by M. de Vogüé's writings. Chateaubriand has suffered from the unduly severe judgment of Ste.-Beuve, too often quoted and relied on, and from the reaction against the exaggerations of the Romantic school of which he was the founder and Rousseau the precursor. M. Bardoux's work is that of a lifelong admirer of the great writer, and it is well done. Written in most captivating style, it sets Chateaubriand before the reader not in one aspect only, but in all phases of his character. M. Bardoux renders an especial service by showing how urgent was the need for the change which Chateaubriand wrought in French letters, how logical was the outburst of lyric passion he gave voice to, and how valuable to the full development of the language and the literature. The book is serious, not flimsy, but it will be popular as it deserves to be.

It is a good sign for the future of the drama that it is again becoming fashionable to publish plays. In France the habit has always obtained. In England Mr. Pinero, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Jones, and Mr. O. Wilde are now publishing their plays, and in Germany the dramatic section of the catalogue of the marvellously cheap "Universal-Bibliothek" of Reclam is large and growing larger. It contains, besides the dramatic masterpieces of all nations, by Augier, Björnsen, Calderon, Corneille, Goldoni, Goethe, Hugo, Ibsen, etc., many plays by contemporary German dramatists such as Blumenthal, Fulda, Schönthan, Strindberg, and Voss.

L'Art for October 1 (Macmillan) opens with the first of a series of letters on the American painters at the Columbian Exposition by Léopold Lefebvre. It is unillustrated save by a poor cut after a portrait exhibited at the Salon of 1882 by Kenyon Cox, and by views of some of the Fair buildings.

Three women, two Americans and one Englishwoman, have been, "by way of exception," fully admitted into the University of Göttingen, by the authority of the Prussian Minister of Education. Two of them are in Mathematics, pupils of Prof. Klein, and one is in Physics. It is fitting that the first official recognition of the presence of women in a Prussian university in recent times should occur at Göttingen, which gave the degree of Doctor of Philosophy to Sophie Kovalevski some twenty years ago.

Another manifestation of interest, on the part of the Göttingen faculty, in the advancement of women's education is furnished by the special courses for women given outside the university by university professors. This year, as last, a considerable number of such courses has been offered, and the work already done by those attending them has received hearty commendation from the instructors.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. write to us as follows:

"We notice that in your last number you spoke of Mr. Aldrich's 'Old Town by the Sea' as a reissue, thereby, of course, giving the impression that it is merely a new edition of a book previously published. The book is wholly new as a book, and indeed a considerable portion of it is entirely new, some portions of it which have appeared in periodicals having been very considerably enlarged and to no small extent rewritten. It will gratify Mr. Aldrich, and be an act of justice, if you will kindly correct the impression given by your remark."

—Seven years ago we noticed the seventh edition of the Fiction Catalogue of the Boston Public Library, and we now have the pleasure of calling our readers' attention to the eighth issue of this work, which must prove of great use everywhere, since the collection to which it is an index contains nearly all the books which any of our popular libraries are likely to have. We are pleased, also, to notice that the cataloguer has come round to our view of the futility of placing George Sand's books elsewhere than under the name by which this author is universally known, and that, in a few cases where we pointed out that names assumed to be genuine were really pseudonyms, the cataloguer has made the needed corrections. We regret, however, to see that many old errors are reproduced; and as the work serves as a bibliography as well as model catalogue to innumerable smaller libraries, we think it worth while to mention some of them. The error most likely to cause confusion arises from an author's works being separated under two or more names (without cross-reference), or entered under their title only, not with his other works under his name. Of this we have marked several instances. Thus, under "Alcott, Harriet H.," is found 'Isora's Child,' while under "Olcott, Harriet A." (the correct spelling), appears 'The Torchlight.' Two stories by Elizabeth W. Bellamy are divided between herself and an imaginary Emily W. Bellamy; of three by J. B. Gilman one falls to his name, while two are entered only under "Walter Wentworth," and Mrs. Lincoln likewise appears as the author of only one work, though the library has another, catalogued under "Gould, Jeanie T." Two of Eleanor C. Price's books are found under her name, but not her 'French Heiress.' Mrs. MacDonnell's 'Martin's Vineyard' appears only under her maiden name. Mrs. F. A. Humphrey's three volumes are denied the companionship of 'A New England Cactus'; Henry Jackson is allowed to be the author of 'A First Friendship,' but his 'Gilbert Rugge' is treated as anonymous. Mme. Reybaud is deprived of 'The Portrait in My Uncle's Dining-room' and 'The Old M'sieur's Secret' (both translations of her 'Mlle. de Malepeire'). Mrs. Marie Field, who was only the translator, is said to be the author of George Sand's 'Wings of Courage.' Mrs. Mary [Lowell] Putnam—who ought to receive honor in her own city if anywhere—is credited with only one of two books. 'Thornicroft's Model' should be restored to Mrs. Margaret Hunt, 'Diane Coryval' to the late Kathleen O'Meara. Under Linda Villari we find no mention of 'European Relations,' though it is entered under its title, nor under Souvestre do we find 'The Slave, the Serf, and the Freeman.'

—A similar class of errors is exemplified by the occurrence under Prof. Hardy's name of two novels written by the late Mrs. Sophy Weitzel; and, again, under that of Ellen *Olney* Kirk of a novel by Mary *Olney*, an Englishwoman. Still stranger is the entering of a single book under "Paul, Margaret A[gnes]," followed, after intervening titles, by "Paull, Margaret A.," with eleven books, of which five belong to Mrs. Paull and six to Mary Anna (Paull) Ripley, who is not mentioned. Miss Lucretia Hale's 'The Spider's Eye' is said to be by Fitz-James O'Brien. Miss Yonge's long list is swelled by one title ('The Gain of a Loss') which belongs to Rose Piddington. 'Gemini' is ascribed to a Mrs. Fox, though its publishers

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have repeatedly denied that it was written by her. The author of 'The Rectory of Moreland' is correctly given as Clara M. Thompson, but 'The Chapel of St. Mary,' "by the author of 'The Rectory of Moreland,'" is put down to Mary Evans. 'Mary Evans' is elsewhere entered as a book by C. M. Thompson, though 'Evans, Mary,' is an author. Isabella Harwood, who died in 1883, after writing two novels which had a great run, is not mentioned, though her books are entered by title. The catalogue is further defective in omitting cross-references to works like 'Gil Blas,' 'David Grieve,' 'Huckleberry Finn,' 'Joseph Andrews,' 'Verdant Green,' etc., which are universally known by these abbreviated titles. In this respect it might profitably have imitated the practice of the excellent fiction catalogue of the San Francisco Free Public Library, published in 1891.

—'Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke as a Correspondent' (Harpers) is a second instalment of the letters of the Prussian general, and is a translation of the first 225 pages of the fifth volume of his collected works, the remainder of that volume consisting of personal recollections contributed by various friends. The letters to his mother and to two of his brothers, which make up the fourth volume of the German edition, were published in English last year and noticed in these columns. The present collection has a more varied interest, in so far as it covers a greater number of topics, and will serve to deepen the impression that Moltke, quite apart from his greatness as a warrior, was a man worthy of admiration for the sterling qualities of head and heart which are unconsciously betrayed in letters never intended for print. If the letters which he wrote to his wife before and after their marriage, and which fill the sixth and largest volume of his works, are ever translated, English readers will have such a picture of the man as will show that his rise in the world was but the natural product of the faithful employment of unusual intellectual and moral gifts. The translation of the present volume is by a new hand. It reads smoothly enough, and, while it renders the sense of the original fairly well, is not always as close as it might have been. The translator appears to have lightened her task a little by skipping the hard words or going around them. The outward dress of the book is very attractive in the matter of print, paper, and binding.

—'Dante's Comedy in English Prose—*Hell*,' by Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart. (London: Elliot Stock), requires no detailed criticism. It reads fluently, and is nearly always intelligible, but when we compare any passage with the original, we find that Sir E. Sullivan is never very exact. The inaccurate temperament which led him to call his translation Dante's "Comedy" instead of "Divine Comedy" shows itself throughout. No one who understood the deep significance of Dante's epic would omit the epithet "Divine" from the title; such an omission is as unjustifiable as would be that of the qualifying adjective "Lost" from Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' So far as we have observed, the translator throws no new light on and gives no felicitous renderings of the many test words and phrases of the text. Often he misses the meaning, as in the lines

> "Quando leggemmo, il disiato riso
> Esser baciato da cotanto amante," (v, 133-4);

which he translates, "When that we came to read of how the smiling lips he loved were kissed by lover such as he." "The smiling lips he loved" is certainly a poor paraphrase of "il disiato riso," and "cotanto amante" does not represent "by lover such as he." We have noted many instances similar to this, but it is not necessary to discuss these. In no sense can Sullivan's version compete with that of John Carlyle or of Prof. Norton. Only readers who wish to get a blurred reproduction of Dante's vivid pictures will be satisfied with this translation; others will object not only to the inaccuracy, but to affectations wholly contrary to Dante's genius. At times, Sir E. Sullivan seems to choose a poor word because he fears that by choosing a good one he might be charged with borrowing from previous translators who have already used it. His translation has no explanatory notes.

—Though privately printed (by A. S. McClurg & Co., Chicago), and not, therefore, seeking criticism or public scrutiny, we cannot let pass without notice an attractive and informing pamphlet, of one hundred and fifty-nine pages, entitled "Japanese Women." It has been compiled by the Japanese Woman's Commission for the World's Columbian Exposition. The aim has been "to present to the World's [World's Fair?] public, however briefly, the true condition of the Japanese woman, ancient and modern." The eight chapters are the work of native authoresses, "each chapter being undertaken by a different lady who is especially interested in and perfectly informed of the subject assigned her." While bearing unmistakable marks both of the presence of the native censor and of the absence of purists in English, the discussion and presentation of the Japanese woman in politics, literature, religion, domestic life, industrial occupations, accomplishments, and in the charities and education of the present, or Meiji era, are highly creditable to the editor and contributors. The illustrations are simple but accurate. Biographical outlines and details of famous women are numerous. One sees clearly how much higher, in ancient Japan of the pre-Confucian ages, was the position of woman than after the dominance of Chinese ethics and philosophy. Yet it must not be forgotten that, while ten empresses have sat on the throne, while the early national literature is almost wholly the creation of Japanese women, and while female exemplars of courage, ability, and devotion, as pictured in tradition, art, literature, and sober history, are numerous, yet these were almost wholly within the court circle. The ultra-patriotic devotee of "Japan for the Japanese," or the radical Shintōist, would have hard work, we imagine, to prove that the introduction of Chinese ethics did not greatly improve the status of Japanese women in general. Most frankly, the authoresses acknowledge the good influence in every walk of life of Buddhism. Christianity, though still the religion of only a small minority, is treated as one of the settled faiths of the people. The chapters on domestic life and industrial occupations are of especial value for their contemporaneous interest. Since by the Constitution of 1889 the imperial succession is in the male line only, the words by which it is signified that Japanese women will not henceforth, as so frequently in centuries past, be publicly active in matters of state, are of interest. They show, what other parts of the work abundantly prove, that female energies are to have all the greater outlet in the new life of the nation. Resisting the temptation to quote or hint further, we can only add that the pamphlet, despite its interest, does but reflect credit indirectly upon the foreign scholars who, years ago, set forth so much of the substance of these chapters. On the final page, it is shown in the tabulated statistics, that in 1891 there were, besides the great number of private technical, professional, language, and ordinary schools, the kindergartens, and the higher normal and female schools, 917,270 female students and 4,149 female teachers in the public or common schools.

—Apropos of our note, in No. 1480, that, according to the last report of the Japanese Department for Education, the city library of Tokyo contains 2,332 foreign works in a total of 31,629 volumes, a traveller writes:

"Visiting the Tokyo public library on September 29, 1890, although the entirest stranger and ignorant of the Japanese tongue, I was readily allowed by officials almost as ignorant of mine to wander among the stacks. What I understood to be the American quarter consisted of seven rather long shelves. On these, I observed the works of Irving, Webster, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, some of the Abbott histories, etc. What I especially noted was two copies of Milton and six editions of Shakspere. Probably there were other shelves which escaped my eye. One of the first books I opened was an English Bible published by the American Bible Society, on the first fly-leaf of which I read, written in a fair hand, these words, 'Presented to St. Nicholas Hotel, New York City.' Was it an American or a Japanese guest who held it for a pious fraud to steal the Holy Book? or did the proprietor of the hotel think that he placed it where it would do the most good by sending it to the heathen? The library building, said to have once been a temple of Confucius, is spacious and well-lighted, with trees and an open space around it. Some readers were seated at the tables, but the books, as I understood, were mostly taken out for perusal at home."

RITCHIE'S DARWIN AND HEGEL.

Darwin and Hegel, with Other Philosophical Studies. By David G. Ritchie, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

AN undeniable knack for clear analysis of questions has Mr. Ritchie. He shows symptoms, too, of a power of grasping and handling very broad philosophical arguments, without which power it would be useless to attack such a problem as he has set himself. His greatest fault is no doubt plain to himself, and should correct itself with time: it is that he has not thought enough. His own suggestions are not thoroughly worked out; and there are very pertinent questions that do not seem to have occurred to him.

The object of Mr. Ritchie's studies has been to determine how far the conceptions of Hegel can advantageously be applied in Darwinian speculation. But he does not pretend to offer any definite answer to the question, speaking, indeed, of his "philosophic creed" as "but partially formulated." Everybody qualified to form even a rudimentary judgment upon Hegel has long ago recognized in his 'Phenomenology' and 'Logic' rich mines of philosophic thought, whose ore, however, is intimately combined with the gangue of error—some say with more, some with less—from which we hardly know how to separate it. Germany, after following with docility the Hegelian method, was certainly in the best possible situation to judge it by its fruits. The outcome, as all the world knows, was an overpowering disgust; so much so that not the slightest attention is any longer paid in Germany to any of the Hegelian ideas. But by this revolution the Germans unconsciously confess their own weakness in logic—a weakness that has always

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been evident enough to foreigners. Even without that awful warning, American and English thought could never have been caught in Hegel's too easily detected traps. Not going in so blindly as did German thought, it will be able to derive more good from Hegel's endeavors. However, the world still awaits a satisfactory criticism of Hegel; and towards that Mr. Ritchie helps us little.

The author adopts provisionally the hypothesis of materialism. He speaks of "that materialistic monism which is nowadays the working hypothesis of every scientific explorer in every department." This attitude is certainly very much more moderate than that of the ardent Büchnerites and Haeckelites with whom Germany and the German parts of this country swarm, who inscribe Materialistic Monism upon their banners. Yet Mr. Ritchie unquestionably goes too far in saying that materialism is the working hypothesis of all explorers. For what is a working hypothesis? It is a problematic proposition that touches a question of fact, and from which can be deduced definite consequences which the inquirer is engaged in testing by comparing them with observations. Now it would be absurd to say that an astronomer, a physicist, or a chemist is engaged in testing the consequences of materialism; for even if materialism be false, nobody doubts that the phenomena with which those men deal are the same as if it were true. Equally ridiculous would it be to say that a geometrician, or an historian, or an economist, or a student of jurisprudence is engaged in testing the consequences of materialism. Indeed, the only inquirers whom the question of materialism at all concerns are a certain class of biologists and a certain class of psychologists. Now there cannot be the slightest question that the initial working hypothesis of these inquirers must be the hypothesis of materialism. *Entia non sunt multiplicanda*, etc.; and their first business must be to see whether they can get along without supposing a second kind of substance and a second order of laws, or not. Therefore, to say that materialism remains the working hypothesis of those whom the question concerns is, after all, merely to say that nothing decisively fatal to that hypothesis has yet been brought to light. Even now, there are eminent biologists who hold that the hypothesis is refuted, and at least half the psychologists are of the same opinion—and this, although the question is whether the facts *can be made to fit* that hypothesis. Were the question simply whether the facts seem on the whole to be favorable or unfavorable to materialism, the vote against it would, of course, be larger.

Wherein do materialistic monism and idealistic monism differ? Only in this, that the former makes the laws of mind a special result of the laws of matter, while the latter makes the laws of matter a special result of the laws of mind. Now, one of the Hegelian ideas that Mr. Ritchie wishes to introduce (though it would be needless to raise the ghost of Hegel merely for this suggestion) is that of teleology—that states of things are to be explained, not by instantaneous conditions, nor by what went before, but by what is to result later. Indeed, Hegel or no Hegel, the materialist is plainly confronted with the following problem: The laws of matter are entirely blind, or non-teleological, only prescribing that in given relative positions the motions of particles shall have given accelerations: now, mind does not act blindly, but pursues purposes; therefore the problem is how teleological or purposed action can be a secondary effect of non-teleological action. This problem, says Mr. Ritchie, Darwinism solves. The tendency to an end, according to generalized Darwinism, or the tendency towards the production of definite forms of phenomena, is due to the combination of two agencies, the first being fortuitous insensible variation, or the gradual diversification of forms, and the second the destruction of forms whose modification shall have carried them over certain limits. This second agency may undoubtedly be supposed to be of the nature of mechanical law; but whether the phenomenon of diversification can be explained by the action of unyielding law is a question which Mr. Ritchie has yet to consider.

That which conferred upon the Darwinian hypothesis its sovereignty over subsequent thought was its power of explaining what seemed so mysterious by conceptions mathematically definite. The conception of fortuitous variation is so exact that it can be expressed by a mathematical equation. In fact, it is expressed by the formula which expresses the conduction of heat, the action of viscosity, and the diffusion of gases. All these phenomena are explained by physicists as results of Bernouilli's law of high numbers, where the same idea of multitude reappears which is directly involved in the Darwinian hypothesis. The same formula shows itself in the doctrine of chances, in the theory of errors of observation, and in the logic of inductive reasoning. As well as we can make it out, the law of mental association, which is at least strongly analogous to induction, is probably of the same form. All these things seem to be connected. These considerations serve to illustrate, what can be shown in many ways, how the perfect definiteness of the conceptions which enter into a theory contribute to its fruitfulness. One of the worst faults of the Hegelian philosophy is that its conceptions are wanting in this definiteness, and that its consequences are not unmistakable. When Mr. Ritchie undertakes to "Hegelianize natural selection" by the remark that "Heredity and Variation are just particular forms of the categories of Identity and Difference, whose union and interaction produce the actually existing kinds of living beings," he makes us think that Hegelianism needs to be Darwinized much more than Darwinism needs to be Hegelianized.

The first essay in the book is entitled "Origin and Validity." Its purpose is to show that it is one thing to ask how a belief has arisen and another to ask how it is justified. Surely, we are not justified in believing a proposition not yet sufficiently proved. But no doubt that which suggests a proposition is one thing and that which proves it is another; and the formula of generalized Darwinianism would make this to be so. A theory arises by some slight original modification of an idea already in our possession. It is not yet justified, but it is provisionally allowed a place among the possibilities as a "working hypothesis." After that it has to fight its way, and it is by its results that it is destined sooner or later to be condemned or modified. But whether this is a complete and accurate formulation of the universal history of science is a question that it were best to be in no haste to answer.

But no sooner have we made the innocent admission that the question of origin is one thing and the question of validity another, than we find Mr. Ritchie purposes to use our concession as a gate at which Kant's transcendental proof and Hegel's idealism may gain entrance. If we wish to avoid the terrible loss of time from which Germany suffered during the Hegelian period, we shall do well to be very cautious here. A metaphysical philosophy, in the sense of that which is to be definitively accepted in advance of scientific inquiry, is, or should be, a system of pigeon-holes in which facts are to be filed away. Its first merit is to give a place to every possible fact. Whatever could conceivably be settled by experiment, metaphysics should abstain from settling in advance. Mr. Ritchie professes a readiness to admit all that Auguste Comte said in condemnation of what he called "metaphysics." What Comte called "metaphysics" was unverifiable hypothesis—unverifiable, not in the sense of supposing a fact not capable of being directly observed, for many indispensable hypotheses do that, but unverifiable in the sense of leading to no unmistakable consequences capable of being put to the test of comparison with observation. An a-priori philosophy ought not to pronounce in advance upon the truth of anything which is capable of verification or refutation by subsequent experience. But beyond the realm of verification truth and falsity lose their meanings. Hence the moment a philosopher, upon a-priori or epistemological grounds, enunciates any proposition whatever as true, we are warned to be upon our guard against some jugglery. Where we have no scientifically observed facts to go upon, the prudent thing is to confess our downright ignorance. Even where we have such facts, we are subject to a probable error. From this pregnant fact, if one only takes it to heart, can be developed a whole Darwinianized Hegelism, having fruitful suggestions and indications for the prosecution of science and for the conduct of life.

MORE FICTION.

The Coast of Bohemia. By William Dean Howells. Harpers.

Duffels. By Edward Eggleston. D. Appleton & Co.

The One I Knew the Best of All. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Liberal Education. By Mrs. George Martyn. Frederick Warne & Co.

Seraph: A Tale of Hungary. By Sacher-Masoch. Translated by Emma M. Phelps. Geo. M. Allen Co.

"If people only kept to what they knew," says one of the characters in Mr. Howells's latest novel, "and didn't do what they divined, there would be very little art or literature left, it seems to me." And the hero answers, with the true realistic doctrine, "Perhaps the less the better. What was left would certainly be the best." This is the condemnation of the book. It is only the *coast* of Bohemia that our author pretends to visit, but one feels that even the coast has been seen only from the decks of an excursion steamer, and that the observer never really landed on the shores of that, for him, still undiscovered country. In a word, Mr. Howells blunders constantly as to the facts of the life of an art-student in New York. His mistakes are both general and particular, and we shall take the pains to point out a few of each.

In the first place, he shares with the romantic novelist the peculiarity of making his hero and heroine preposterously young. There are exceptions to all rules, but the artist who should return to this country, after years of study abroad, and take a position as a man of some importance and an exhibitor at the Academy and the Society of American Artists at the ripe age of twenty-two, would be little less than an infant prodigy. After that, the fact

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that he should be courted by lion-hunters and called, if only by an enthusiastic young lady, "the greatest artist in New York" at twenty-seven, ceases to be astonishing. That "art is long" Mr. Howells does indeed seem to recognize in a passage in which one student tells another that ten years of school is needed; but apparently he thinks it is different with "geniuses," and he does not hesitate to make a young girl from the country who has had no previous training whatever, and who is drawing "block-hands" at "the Synthesis," paint, before the end of her first season, a portrait so good that two eminent painters discuss it gravely, and are indignant with the blundering Jury of the Academy for refusing it! Could the most arrant of romancers be more inconsequent?

To come to particulars, it is evident that "the Synthesis" is intended for the Art Students' League, though what is the humor of calling such a practical and business-like association by such a high-sounding name we cannot see. After one week in the Preparatory, Cornelia, the heroine, is taken to lunch with the girls of the Life Class, and Charmian, another Preparatory student, having "reported everywhere that she had genius," the Life Class accepts her as if she had, and makes her at home among them. Now, if Mr. Howells did not know, we are surprised that he did not "divine," that this is quite impossible. He surely has heard of the sophomore's contempt for a freshman, and this is as nothing to the old student's contempt for a "nouveau" in a foreign studio or a "Prep" in the League. But still ranker impossibilities are to follow. Charmian is shown to us a little later organizing the masquerade of the Synthesis, and heading a party and gravely debating the policy to be adopted. Now these questions are decided in the League, as in other bodies, by the members, and no student is eligible for membership without having studied in the Life Class for a certain length of time. Then the student's name must be duly proposed, his drawings must be examined by the Board of Control and his candidacy approved, and finally he must be elected at a general meeting of the League. A student not yet a member has nothing to do with the policy of the League, and would be tolerated at one of its costume parties (they are not "masquerades," and are never called so) only as the personal guest of a member. Thus it is with Mr. Howells's realism throughout. The book does not deal at all with the real life of the real art student, and the scene is either "society" or the sham studio of a sham Bohemian who poses as an artist for her own amusement. This romantic and silly young woman is cleverly drawn. For the rest, there is love-making that might take place anywhere, and an artist who might be anything else, and there is a good deal of rather bright talk. Finally, there is a rather coarse sketch of one of those disgusting insects whom Mr. Howells describes so well, and who this time is called Mr. J. B. Dickerson, traveller in art goods

There is small danger that Dr. Eggleston's stories will ever prove caviare to the general. He keeps his eye continually on the reader, and seems, as it were, to come forward to meet him rubbing his hands and wearing the jovial air of good-fellowship that makes no mystery of his art, but promises a full and frank confession of all there is about it. That both his manner and matter will prove as popular in this volume as they have in his others need not be doubted. We should not, for our own part, have considered it entirely fair to form from it an opinion of Dr. Eggleston's powers, but he himself states in the preface his willingness to be judged by the later-written of the eleven stories that compose it. One of these, "Huldah the Help," is the first story, worthy of a name as such, ever written by Dr. Eggleston. It is democratic in spirit and not exciting in substance. Others of the eleven were written in the next succeeding year, 1871. The first in order in the volume, "Sister Tabea," seems to us far and away the most attractive of them all. It has not, perhaps, the hearty familiarity that characterizes the others, but this breach of custom is more than atoned for by an attractive mingling of subdued humor and unusual delicacy of sentiment. Like two or three more of the collection, it deals with a phase of early American settlement, while "The Christmas Club" is noteworthy as setting forth the most advanced ideas of present-day workers and settlers in slums. Most readers, except those who are familiar with the vernacular of Adirondack guides, will, we fancy, find their vocabularies increased by a word after learning from Dr. Eggleston's preface the meaning and etymology of the name "Duffels."

The tissue of Mrs. Burnett's autobiographical sketch has seemed from its first appearance in periodical instalments to be woven of the opposing strands first intermingled in the classic 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.' This impression is confirmed by her own suggestion, in the preface, of "The Story of *any* Child with an Imagination" as a possible sub-title for the volume. Naturally the world at large is ready enough to be taken into Mrs. Burnett's confidence to any degree, or on any terms on which she is willing to admit it. Moreover, the story of the small Manchester girl who grew old enough to have an experience of a cotton famine, and who came finally to live among the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina because there were openings in the New World for big brothers, contains many pretty episodes gayly and fluently told. The narrative, too, rises to a climax at its close in nothing less than the acceptance by an editor of two stories by a girl of fifteen, a more juvenile success than even Miss Alcott could boast. But books follow close upon the heels of one another nowadays; and when the echo of one has hardly had time to die away from the mind before another comes, it is almost impossible to avoid comparisons. Thus, this volume inevitably recalls another composed in much the same vein, and forces the admission that of the exquisite charm of the story of childhood in 'Peter Ibbetson' it falls far short. The history of Gogo Pasquier is contained in as few as eighty pages, while Mrs. Burnett allows herself no less than three hundred and twenty-five. Expansiveness, here as elsewhere, is seriously akin to diluteness, and both are, it must be admitted, too apt to distinguish the work of the sex to which Mrs. Burnett belongs. A very easy and quite sufficient explanation of the frequency of this association of qualities and sex may be found in the record of the typical girl's education enjoyed in Manchester, and afterwards, by the very talented "Small Person," as she here dubs herself, who lived to become the author of 'That Lass o' Lowrie's' and 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.'

It seems not unlikely that if Mr. Ruskin had ever read 'A Liberal Education,' he might have found for it some of the praise he once dealt with such lavish hand to "Francesca's" sketches of Italian peasants. Not that this story has to do with either Italy or *contadini*. Its scenes shift from Aldershot to the downs of the lovely English west country, thence to India, and back again to the downs. But the unity of atmosphere is well kept up, notwithstanding the "large leagues of land" traversed, and the artlessness of the presentment of persons and incidents leaves nothing to be desired by the most confirmed pre-Raphaelite in literature. A goodish lad, so the story runs, becomes by stages a good, a better, and at last an altogether exemplary young man. He gets the sweetest of all possible girls for his sweetheart; his trials melt away one by one, and in the end all goes merry as his marriage bell. Only one dash of sadness is left to cloud the blue. That such a story is not mawkish is merely another proof of the lasting power of simplicity, sincerity, and directness of expression. The descriptions of nature are delicate in feeling and charming, and one puts down the little volume with the unapt title rather surprised at not having been bored by so much naturalness and naïveté, but with a pleasant sense, on the contrary, of having been not unprofitably entertained.

Once in a while one comes across that rare thing, a happily inspired novel which seems to give a new reading of life. Then a corner of the dark curtain is pulled back, and the end whither instincts and dispositions are drifting or driving their possessors is made clear to the inner vision. By the light thus flashed into the obscure places of character it even becomes possible to pick one's way for a time more safely among the gins and snares of the spoiler. But such is precisely the effect that the story of 'Seraph,' a young man unkindly destined by his mother to be the Nemesis of her wrongs, has not. In these pages persons are jerked hither and thither after the fashion of puppets in a show. Between themselves and their actions there is none of that obvious intimacy that strikes even the tyro in observation. Grapes, they seem to imply, *are* gathered of thorns and figs of thistles. This is all the more a pity because the material for a good story is at hand, and the promise of the spirited opening scene is for one. The Carpathian mountains, too, are, together with their traditions, terra incognita to most readers, and the dark waif Magdalina, who flashes like a will-o'-the-wisp about the castle of Honoriec, seemed at first glance a creature formed to make situations. But, with the best will in the world to be entertained by an old-world romance, it is not easy work to make either rhyme or reason out of this chapter of Hungarian domestic tragedy.

COLLEGE SPORTS.

University Football: The Play of each Position Treated by a College Expert. Edited by James R. Church. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

Walter Camp's Book of College Sports. The Century Co. 1893.

MR. CHURCH'S little book is intended more especially for the use of players, and gives very little information available for the general reader. It is a series of short essays, each treating of some special feature of the game or the play of some position on the team. The papers in the main are well written, and the book will, no doubt, serve the purpose for which it was intended. One must not turn to it for answers to the many grave questions which old lovers of the game as well as anxious parents are asking themselves. The latter, indeed, will meet with statements calculated to confirm their worst fears. They are told "that the shoving wedge 'broke up' too many men, and its use was discontinued" until

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Yale revived it in 1888 "and used it with telling effect, especially against Harvard" (p. 18). The University of Pennsylvania, "by constantly bumping the centre men of the opposite line, destroyed the wedge. The only other way to stop the pushing wedge was to lie down in front of it" (p. 21). Further on we find set forth, as one of the duties of the end-rusher, that "when he thinks his opponents are going to kick, . . . he follows down after his opposing end and bunts him over as he slows up to tackle the full-back" (p. 40). In fact, the work of the end-rusher "is all fast, hard, and rough." Of the tackle we read (p. 44) that "the chief feature of this [play], however, is the very slight attention given to the elbows, or the places they may strike; except in extreme cases it is hardly to be resorted to." We find, also, that "one of the best ways to make a hole in the line is to play very low and slightly back from the line, jumping forward quickly, getting the opponent a little below the hip with the shoulder. It is seldom that an adequate opening cannot be made in this manner" (p. 47). We are told that "in tackling, a guard, as well as all players, should tackle low wherever it is possible; but there are many times in the guard's position when a low tackle is impossible on account of close quarters, and he should never hesitate to tackle his man wherever he can take him" (p. 55). It is interesting in this connection to read in rule 27 that, "for the offence of intentional tackling below the knees," there shall be a forfeit of twenty-five yards or a free kick to the opponents. Apropos of another clause in the same rule, which says that "a player shall be disqualified for unnecessary roughness," we read (p. 76): "In fact, nothing affords greater pleasure on the football field than bowling over some big opponent just as he is bracing himself for a tackle." In view of statements like these from professed champions of the game, is it to be wondered at that anxious parents dread the return of autumn?

It is true that football is, has always been, and of necessity must always be, a rough game. There is a line, however, which separates roughness from brutality, and there are many lovers of the game who, after watching its recent developments with grave concern, believe that that line has been crossed. It is to them a matter of regret that the objections which have been urged against the game from the outset, have now such a solid foundation that they cannot be overlooked. In fact, we find in this very book (p. 29) the following frank admission that football has deteriorated:

> "With the introduction of the wedge much of the picturesqueness of football passed away. Many a regret is heard because the days of long passes, open play, free running, and repeated kicking are gone. The wedge contracts the play; it huddles the players; it removes the brilliancy and effect of individual effort; it injures too many players, a dozen ankles and knees being sprained to-day to one ten years ago. These disadvantages have called forth adverse criticism relative to the wedge."

Now the wedge is the great feature of the present game, and, although it is undoubtedly a very interesting feature, it ought to be eliminated as dangerous to life and limb. Moreover, while the "science" of the game has been developed in a way which would not have been thought possible ten years ago, yet had that development been along slightly different lines, it would have been quite as interesting to the players, far more interesting to the spectators, and much more satisfactory to parents and guardians. This might have been brought about if an intelligent and effective body of graduate opinion could have been brought directly to bear upon the game. Hearty praise is certainly due to Mr. Walter Camp for the interest he has shown in football and the care and study he has bestowed upon it; but it is not good for such a game to owe too much to any one man. The absolute control of one man over legislation of any kind is not salutary, as it is apt to take the color of his defects as well as his virtues; and "in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." Mr. Camp would probably be the first to welcome the suggestions and advice of such a body as has been suggested.

The weakness or inefficiency of umpires and referees has been a crying evil from the first. It is a very difficult task to umpire a game of football properly, and the lack of care in selecting these important officers has led directly to those developments of the game most open to criticism. In old days when a man was ahead of the ball, he was, for the time being, out of the game. His duty was to move towards the ball without interfering in any way with the other players. Offside play was unfair play. It was manifestly difficult to enforce this rule—difficult, but not impossible. Undergraduate public opinion unfortunately allowed the college elevens to adopt offside play, on the principle that anything was fair that the umpire could not or would not see. It was natural that a college team, after trying to play fairly and according to rule, on finding itself beaten by continued unfair play and a careless umpire, should decide that it was better to recognize offside play frankly and squarely so that both sides should be on an even footing. So the rule forbidding offside play was altered, thereby changing the whole game, and changing it for the worse. From this has followed the whole system of interference and wedge playing, which is so characteristic of the modern game and which arouses such severe and just criticism. The game has almost ceased to be *foot*ball. It is far less interesting to watch; it is far more dangerous to play. The old rule against offside play must be put in force again before the game can recover the confidence of those who have the right to be the judges, regain its interest and its brilliancy, and be relieved of its brutality. But even then it must be supported by the feeling among all undergraduates that rules are made to be obeyed and not to be broken, and that a man who is not honest enough to play strictly within the rules is not fit to represent his college.

Mr. Camp is probably the best-known authority on college sports in this country, and, taking for his text track athletics, rowing, baseball, and football, he gives us in the handsome volume issued by the Century Company not only a full account of these sports, but a wealth of anecdote connected with remarkable and historical games that makes his book a new departure and is sure to delight his readers. It is often and truly said that young people take very little interest in the achievements of earlier generations, but, while this may be true of poetry or politics or philanthropy, it is not true of athletics. Success in public life or in literature may entirely fail to arouse the enthusiasm of the young, but it is safe to say that no college man of to-day can read unmoved Mr. Camp's description of Lamar's run in 1885, Bull's goals from the field in 1888, or the Yale-Atalanta boat-race in 1890.

Owing to the season of the year, the athletic reader, whose name is legion, will probably turn first to Mr. Camp's remarks on football. Apart from the admirable accounts of particular games that have passed into football history, these eager readers will find Mr. Camp's pages somewhat barren of novelty. This is due in part to the fact that he has already covered the ground pretty thoroughly in a previous volume, and partly also to the frequent changes that are being introduced into the game. Mr. Camp very truly remarks that it is further from the limit of its development than any other college sport. He is popularly supposed to preside over the birth of certain improvements each year at New Haven, while Mr. Deland is similarly employed behind a high fence at Cambridge. And so, while the game is theoretically like a somewhat violent form of chess, the "openings" have not yet assumed definite shape, and therefore the writer on football treats last season's novelties with a certain reserve, feeling sure that they will be supplanted by others before the great games are over. In the other branches of college sport there is no such difficulty. In track athletics, for instance, the only changes from year to year are the steady cutting down of records, due to improved methods of training and practice, and the most important point that Mr. Camp insists upon is, that no man knows what he can do until he tries. The least promising material sometimes finds its natural development in one of the many branches of this division of sport, and excellent general results may be attained by young men who could never expect to reach championship form.

To baseball Mr. Camp devotes a large part of his space, and he seems to have left nothing needful unsaid in regard to the theory and practice of this excellent game. Moreover, this part of the book is especially rich in anecdotes that recall the stirring struggles of the past. On the whole, Mr. Camp has produced a book that will certainly take high rank, and the manly tone of his introductory remarks on professionalism and kindred subjects cannot be too highly commended at the present time.

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.

Life and Art of Edwin Booth. By William Winter. Macmillan & Co.

Leaves from the Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini. The Century Co.

Songs of a Strolling Player. By Robert George Legge. London: A. D. Innes & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ever since there have been any books about the stage, a very large proportion of them have been biographies, and, as Lowell declared, four or five years ago, "biography in these communicative days has become so voluminous that it might seem calculated rather for the ninefold vitality of another domestic animal than for the less lavish allotment of man." It is with pleasure, therefore, that the reader takes up the single volume in which Mr. Winter has told the story of the life of the greatest actor yet born in America; and the pleasure is enhanced by the directness with which Mr. Winter gets to work, and by the sincerity of his handling of difficult topics. Booth has indeed been fortunate in his biographers and in his critics. Even his death did not call forth a single one of the catchpenny compilations, compounded of myth and malignity, of which there are so many on the shelves of the theatrical collector. Two of the many magazine articles (which in the nineteenth century have taken the place held in the eighteenth century by the occasional pamphlets) were of unusual value. One, in the *Forum*, by Mr. John Malone, formerly an actor in Booth's company, gave a most welcome glimpse into his work-

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shop on the stage itself, and the other, in the *Atlantic*, by Mr. Clapp, was one of the best pieces of theatrical criticism ever written in this country. Then came Mr. Laurence Hutton's simple and sympathetic sketch, and now we have this memorial of Mr. Winter's.

Mr. Winter tells the story of Booth's life succinctly and yet with sufficient fulness. His frankness in regard to the tendency towards intemperance which Booth inherited from his father, and which he did not wholly overcome until after the death of his first wife, will help to kill the exaggerated tales still current to Booth's disadvantage. And equally frank is Mr. Winter's discussion of the causes of the failure of Booth's Theatre, which was not because the public would not support a playhouse devoted to the higher drama, but because Booth had not the firmness and the skill which the management of such a theatre demanded. Mr. Winter quotes a letter in which Booth frankly acknowledges this (p. 80). Yet it was a noble effort. "Booth's Theatre," said Mr. Jefferson, "is conducted as a theatre should be—like a church behind the curtain and like a counting-house in front of it." There is in Mr. Alger's elaborate biography of Edwin Forrest an account of the dignified rebuke that actor administered to a clergyman who wished to see a performance in the theatre, himself unseen; and Mr. Winter records here the lofty reply of Edwin Booth to a clergyman who desired to be admitted privately to the playhouse that his parishioners might not see him —"There is no door in my theatre through which God cannot see." Booth twice made an attempt to confer substantial benefit on the art he loved. The first time was when he built Booth's Theatre; the second time was when he founded The Players, and in this second attempt he was abundantly successful. Despite pain and failing memory, the last years of the tragedian were happy, and to this happiness the success of The Players contributed much. Mr. Winter's account of this club (p. 134) is not quite accurate. He notes Booth's wish that at least 10 per cent. of the members should be actors, and it might therefore have been well to record that about two hundred and fifty of the eight hundred members to-day are actors, managers, or dramatists. As a whole, Mr. Winter's book is most accurate; it abounds in facts which it was desirable to have preserved, and it is rich in the sympathy which understands and explains.

Satisfactory and delightful as it is, however, it is to be regretted that Booth did not write his autobiography. He told a story admirably, with a keen sense of humor; and when he wrote he had command of a very Shaksperian vocabulary. The brief papers on his father and on Edmund Kean, as well as the pregnant notes written for Mr. Furness, remain to suggest to us what Booth might have written had he chosen. As Longfellow declared, "autobiography is what biography ought to be"; and if Booth did not take this to heart, the great Italian actor to whose *Othello* he once played *Iago* has done so. We understand that this English translation contains but a selection from the much longer Italian original still unpublished; it embraces the incidents and criticisms of other performers most likely to interest readers of English. It enables us to become acquainted with a character almost as transparent as Booth's, although far from being as simple. Booth was singularly modest, while Signor Salvini avails himself fully of the privileges of egotism and garrulity allowed to every autobiographer. In fact, the frankness of Signor Salvini's interest in himself is its own excuse; he is right in believing himself so great an actor that what interests him shall interest us also. So we are not offended when we read that the performance of "La Morte Civile" in Paris in 1877 was "a real revelation to the Parisians. It would be tedious to repeat all that the greatest artistic and literary luminaries wrote of it. Victor Hugo, La Pommeraye, Zola, Gautier, Vitu, elevated to the stars both composition and interpretation." Gautier's opinion it would be curious to have, as he died five years before this performance took place in Paris. Signor Salvini tells us of his youth, of his first humble appearance on the stage, of his early successes, of his later triumphs, and of his stellar wanderings. He gives us his impressions, not only of his compatriots, Modena, Rossi, and Ristori, but also of Rachel, Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Edwin Booth, and Henry Irving. In none of these valuable appreciations is there anything niggardly; Signor Salvini praises like a sovereign secure on his throne, and like an artist from whom no secret of his art is hidden. Entertaining, also, is his account of his service with Garibaldi and of his relations with Dom Pedro. The book contains eight illustrations, of which the most striking is "Ristori as *Mary Stuart*"; but it has no index—a deficiency to be noted also in Mr. Winter's volume.

There are many poems upon the great players of the past, but there are very few verses by the players of the present. The latest book of stage stanzas before Mr. Legge's is a dozen years old at least; it was the 'Sous les Frises' of M. Jules Truffier of the Comédie Française—more polished than these 'Songs of a Strolling Player,' and more literary. But Mr. Legge has caught the flavor of the playhouse better than his French predecessor. The 'Ballad of the Low Comedian' is perhaps a little obvious and commonplace, yet the incident on which it is based is common enough. "Retired," with its nostalgia for the abandoned stage, is true to the facts of life, and so are "Art" and "Our Amateur."

FIVE BOOKS ON THE PIANO.

A Pedal Method for the Piano. By A. F. Venino. E. Schuberth.

A History of Pianoforte Playing and Pianoforte Literature. By C. Weitzmann. G. Schirmer.

The Æsthetics of Pianoforte Playing. By A. Kullak. G. Schirmer.

The Pianist's Art. By A. Carpé. Chicago: Lyon & Healy.

The Steinert Collection of Keyed and Stringed Instruments. C. F. Tretbar.

Last year Messrs. Scribner issued a 'Musical Literature List' of 64 pages, cataloguing not only their own publications in this line, but other important works. This year a new edition has been issued, enlarged to 104 pages. This does not indicate that musical literature has almost doubled in volume since last year, but merely that the collection has been made more complete. Nevertheless, there is a remarkable activity in the publishing of books on musical topics. Scribner's list contains nineteen books relating to the pianoforte and its literature, and to-day we have before us for review five more in this one branch.

When he was engaged in revising his transcriptions of Beethoven's symphonies, Liszt wrote to his publisher that there was one point on which he would insist, to the verge of rebellion, namely, on his numerous pedal marks. Strict attention to the pedal and persistent use of it formed one of the chief distinctions between the Chopin-Liszt method of playing and that of their predecessors. We know, too, that Rubinstein and Paderewski, the greatest of living pianists, not only have followed in the footsteps of Chopin and Liszt, but have revealed still more subtle and varied charms obtainable by a skilful use of the pedal. Strange to say, the piano teachers have hitherto been so busy with their scales and arpeggios and five-finger exercises that they have found little or no time to attend to the pedalling, leaving their pupils to find out its secrets for themselves. Composers, too, have been careless in their pedal marks, and editors have often made confusion worse confounded. It may be truly said, therefore, that the greatest desideratum in piano literature has been a treatise on the use of the pedal, thoroughly up to date. Such a book is Mr. Venino's 'Pedal Method,' which no student of the piano should fail to procure, and which will prove suggestive to teachers and even to professional concert pianists, many of whom (including such an eminent man as D'Albert) often use the pedal incorrectly or carelessly.

Mr. Venino's book contains many illustrations in musical type, in which the superiority of his new method of indicating the use and cessation of the pedal over the one now in vogue is so obvious at a glance that it is to be hoped it will be at once adopted in all printed music. It will complicate the notation somewhat, but the gain will more than compensate for that, since the pedal regulates not only the loudness and softness of tone, but the duration, and, above all, enriches and beautifies the tone, thus constituting two-thirds of what is commonly called a pianist's "touch," which is to him what the natural quality of the voice is to a singer. The same piano sounds very differently under different hands, and this is very largely a matter of pedalling. The author considers the pedal from every point of view, as governed by tempo, duration, the harmonic and melodic elements, and the pitch. He is a pupil of Leschetizky (Paderewski's teacher), and introduces some useful hints by his master, with others by Paderewski and Dr. William Mason. There are remarks, too, on the danger of using the pedal too constantly; on the "half-pedal"; and on the modern middle pedal, which Paderewski, strange to say, does not use, but which is extremely valuable for sustaining special tones, and which, as the author remarks, will doubtless suggest special effects to future composers.

Weitzmann's history of pianoforte-playing and pianoforte literature has long been esteemed an indispensable handbook by all students who can read German. Those who cannot do so will be extremely indebted to Dr. Th. Baker for making it accessible to them in an excellent English version. We have in this book a series of clear and concise sketches of the earliest clavier-playing in Italy, France, and Germany; the lyrical style, the dramatic, the brilliant, and the romantic styles. If this classification is somewhat artificial and arbitrary, it serves perhaps as well as any other as a string to collect the facts upon. Weitzmann is just to all schools, and touches rather upon the virtues of the masters than on their shortcomings. He is thoroughly in sympathy with the modern schools of music, is a great champion of Liszt and Wagner, and is also the author of two books on harmony in which he treats that science from the modern point of view, to the great disgust of the pedants. Several chapters

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have been added by Otto Lessman, who also supplies a biographical sketch. The plan followed by Weitzmann is to give a few biographic facts in the case of each composer, followed by a critical estimate, and a complete list of his works. These lists are very useful as a compendium of piano-literature, but they should have been printed apart from the text, in smaller type. The second half of the book contains an elaborate history of the pianoforte, and there is an appendix with a copious selection of clavier compositions of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

Another well-known German treatise translated by Dr. Baker is Kullak's 'Æsthetics of Pianoforte Playing.' The name of Kullak is household in Germany, and the fact that his book has reached its third edition there argues its utility. Its value to serious students must be conceded; in its practical parts it contains many useful hints regarding touch and execution, and the important matter of expression is ponderously dealt with in the second part. But the style is too dry, abstruse, Hegelian, and tiresome to commend it very highly to American readers, who usually have not the patience of Germans in putting up with arduous and transcendental writing. However, we would not discourage serious students from reading this book, which, we repeat, is a useful one, and often suggestive.

Adolp Karpé's work is divided into five sections, headed Technic, Fingering, Expression, Character, Outline of Piano Literature. It is a compilation of no particular value or originality, its chief merit being its brevity, which may commend it to those who want a mere bird's-eye view of the subject.

Morris Steinert's account of his rare and unique collection of keyed and stringed instruments appeals, of course, to but a limited class. It contains brief histories of the pianoforte and the violin, and there are many valuable illustrations of instruments of former eras, the comparison of which serves as a lesson in Darwinian development as applied to music. Mr. Steinert is a thorough Bach scholar, and his remarks on that master's instruments and style are worth reading.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

As of books in general, so of translations of Hans Christian Andersen in particular, there is no end to their making, and while generations of children exist it is safe to assert that they will still continue to be made. The multiplicity of translations, however, is possibly at bottom to no small extent owing to an inherent characteristic of the tales themselves, rather than to an inordinate demand for new renditions. They belong, in short, to that class of literature apparently so simple that, if it is in the vernacular, it is a matter of wonder that one has not written it one's self, or, if in a foreign language, that one should not sit down immediately and translate it off-hand. There is scarcely a schoolboy or a schoolgirl who has read Andersen in the smooth German versions, as many do, who has not felt this almost uncontrollable desire to put the easy sentences into fluent English. Where, in later life, there is the reasonable hope of a publisher at the end of one's labors, the desire becomes irresistible, and another translation is added to the already long list.

The very simplicity, however, of the tales is their principal difficulty. Their latest translator, Mr. R. Nisbet Bain, notes, in his preface to 'The Little Mermaid, and Other Stories' (Putnams), the transparency of meaning and the unaffectedness and straightforwardness of Andersen's language. If it be true, as is asserted, that nobody but a poet can translate a poet, it may be equally well maintained that nobody who is not at heart a child can translate Andersen. Of all the versions, good, bad, and indifferent, we are inclined to think with the author of this, that the ten tales translated by Mary Howitt in 1846 are to be considered as having best caught the spirit of the original. Mr. Bain's translation is, however, to be commended. If it is not better than the best of its predecessors, it very far surpasses most of them, and well deserves a place in the front rank of English versions of the tales. Occasionally we are conscious that we are reading a translation, and sometimes, as when the little tin soldier exclaims of the pretty little dancer, "But she's a swell!" we know that the translator is not quite in touch with his original; but in most places it is really Andersen who speaks.

The illustrations of the book are very uneven, but many of them are excellent. The broad margins and typography leave nothing to be desired. The selection of stories is sufficiently varied to give the author in most of his many moods. All are of that perennial kind that never grows old-fashioned, and the tales in the present volume might have been written yesterday, although some of them first saw the light more than fifty years ago. The new Andersen should be one of the favorite children's books of the season.

"Uncle Remus" appears in a new rôle in his 'Evening Tales done into English from the French of Frédéric Ortoli' (Scribners). What attracted Mr. Harris to this collection, whose affinity is mostly to Grimm, was the Frenchman's independent version of his own negro story of the Tar-Baby; Brer Goat replacing Brer Fox. As this interesting variant was illustrated in Ortoli's 'Contes de la Veillée,' we should have been tempted to borrow the cut as a vignette for the title-page of this pretty volume. Perhaps the publishers can manage it for a second edition, when certain usurping *wills* for *shalls* on pages 62, 81, 119, 129, and 140 might well be deposed, and "thou who *gave*," on page 66, be mended. For the rest, the literary skill for which Mr. Harris is famous has enabled him to adapt the original with great success. Incidentally, too, he gives his child readers an inkling of comparative folk-lore.

The story told by Blanche Willis Howard in 'No Heroes' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) of a boy's unconscious but none the less very real piece of heroism, raises again the question which books written for the express delectation of boys and girls have so often raised before. It is happily not a question of morals, for the moral of this chapter out of a boy's life is the wholly admirable one that not even the opportunity of fulfilling the fondest of one's dreams (in this case a voyage to foreign parts) is worth seizing if it involves the sacrifice of an obvious and immediate duty—here coming to the assistance of a father (unsuspectedly a hero) in a sudden outbreak of smallpox. No less unexceptionable in sentiment is the discovery Bob Rea—an unwitting disciple of Dickens in this respect—makes for himself that the glaring and eccentric features of a character are seen first, and the softer traits found out only on closer acquaintance. This disclosure Miss Howard (Frau von Teuffel) has made for Bob's patient, old Jerry, with delicate and tender feeling. The query as to the entire fitness of her book for young hands is one of diction merely. Because boys, especially our own embryo citizens, are supposed to be of necessity clumsy, uncouth, and inelegant in speech, does it therefore follow that those who write for them must fall into the same strain? Miss Howard, even when pursuing the thread of her narrative, does so to the following extent: "Not another boy of Bob's acquaintance had ever nursed a miser, and in all Dole's Mills not a mother's son of them had been polished off in the tiptop style with which he had distinguished Jerry." This is a fairly representative specimen of the sort of hap-hazard writing that disfigures every page of an attractive and thoroughly readable story. To be vivid at the expense of deference to one's mother-tongue hardly seems an admissible way to set about winning the juvenile mind.

The French author, at least, of 'The History of a Bearskin' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) does not share the indifference to standard of expression shown by so many of our own writers for youth. His style, seen even through the medium of a translation, has not only sprightliness, it has distinction also. And if any one is inclined to argue that this latter quality is wasted, on the ground that lads and lasses are impervious to niceties of language no less than of appearance, he needs but to be reminded of some of the criticisms on person and manner with which they now and then astound their unguarded elders. The title of M. de Marthold's artistically managed story is a trifle misleading, a sort of *jeu d'esprit* which the reader is, however, not displeased at being made partner to. The real history is that of a bumpkin conscript in the Napoleonic wars, who presently won his grenadier's bearskin, and who lived to see his son win other coveted honors at which he himself never arrived. The young mind most obstinately opposed to receiving information can hardly resent the historical outline so delightfully and insidiously infused with the adventures of this Norman Tartarin, who, in spite of his gasconading, was also a good enough fellow at bottom. The overflowing measure of freakish and fascinating illustrations are enough in themselves to put any boy into a good humor with the author and his volume. As for moral, there is none in particular, unless it be that of excellent and skilful workmanship, which is perhaps as desirable a one in this day and generation as any the severest preacher could find to dilate on.

To make a really agreeable harmony, Mrs. Laura E. Richards's 'Melody' (Estes & Lauriat) should have an accompaniment borrowed from some meridional country, instead of from New England, where her highly emotional personages seem misplaced and sometimes ridiculous. How the blind little singer, Melody, came by her too appropriate name is not explained, but this is, after all, only in keeping with much else that is unreal and exotic in the book.

A pair of indistinguishable twins, such as Mary Lee Etheridge's 'Dick and Joe' (Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.), could give rise to enough confusion, one would think, without the admixture of a third boy not to be told from them even by his own father. It will require unexacting children, however, to be amused with *Dromio*-work of this kind when so tiresomely executed.

The evolution of the Rollo books is a curious study. The enormous increase in pictorial resources and the advance in fine typography have not been attended by improvement in the art of writing simply and naturally of "personally conducted" young people. The author's old single-mindedness is gone, and the desire to amuse has betrayed him into playing to the gallery of elders. Mr. Tudor Jenks's smart and punning conversations in 'The

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World's Fair Book for Boys and Girls' (The Century Company) are an instance in point. In the more serious portions his language is often above the heads of his proper audience, as when, referring to a painting of Christ talking to the woman at the well, he says: "Philip felt that this picture had put him in a receptive frame of mind, such as one should have when listening to a sermon." Still, Mr. Jenks's style is generally that of a cultivated writer, and the rest must be pardoned or overlooked by one who buys this pretty volume, full of interesting illustrations of Fair and city.

For much smaller people the same firm has taken over Mr. Palmer Cox's 'The Brownies at Home,' to keep company with two similar books by this artist-rhymester; and it also issues an ingenious set of reversible plates in color, 'Topsys and Turvys,' in which, within a narrow range, there is a considerable variety of metamorphoses, which will tickle the childish mind that has the least ray of humor in it.

Thomas Chalmers, Preacher, Philosopher, and Statesman. By Mrs. Oliphant. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

THE title of Mrs. Oliphant's sketch of Dr. Chalmers prepares the reader for the looseness of her narrative throughout; for that he was either a philosopher or a statesman there is nothing in her book to show, and nothing in Hanna's 'Life of Chalmers,' on which she has so liberally drawn. Her literary productiveness is so great that perhaps the wonder is that she has written so good a book. But if her easy writing has not made hard reading in this instance, it has made reading that is much less instructive than it should have been. Even if the series of which this biography is the latest issue is intended to be more a series of studies than one of detailed accounts of the different subjects, yet should there have been no difficulty consistently with this idea in giving much more of a definite framework than we have here, and a good many more facts and dates. To dates Mrs. Oliphant would seem to have a particular aversion, and the effect is to give her narrative an appearance of inaccuracy which does not actually belong to it. For example, when Chalmers left Glasgow to take a professor's chair in Edinburgh, one of the reasons that he gave for his strange course was his desire to write a work on political economy. Once in Edinburgh, he thought no more about it, we are told, and yet a few paragraphs or pages further on we find him putting out the promised book. The apparent inconsistency is owing to the fact that Mrs. Oliphant has left his Edinburgh professorship a void, and suddenly advanced a dozen years or more in her recital of events.

Something is clearly gained by having a writer of Mrs. Oliphant's skill produce a sketch of Chalmers's life, but it may be questioned if more is not lost by her lack of large acquaintance with her subject and her lack of sympathy with Chalmers's character and aims. Had she been frankly critical, that would have been another matter. But there is a damning with faint praise, and an insinuation of doubts as to his motives and his aims, that constitute a serious drawback to one's enjoyment of the book. Chalmers was especially entitled to have his part in the great Free Kirk secession of 1843 treated with sympathy, but it is evident that Mrs. Oliphant has none to give. *Cui bono?* is her epitaph for the whole of that business. She has no appreciation of its magnitude and importance. Because twenty years later the Established Church of Scotland arrived at the same principle of non-intrusion of the local patron in the settlement of ministers, she seems to question whether the protest and secession of 1843 were not unfortunate events—as if their object-lesson did not furnish the Established Church with the best reason for the course which it refused in 1843 and accepted long afterwards.

It is evident that, from a very early age, Chalmers's ideas rushed into expression with a remarkable spontaneity and force. It is also evident that he was a protestant, a protester, from his youth up. His sense of personal importance was at first extreme, and afterwards the complete identification of himself with whatever cause he took up gave volume and momentum to his conduct and his speech. He was for demolishing the aristocracy when he failed to get a certain living. To such extent was the child father of the man that it would not be irrational to look for something of that early disappointment in the vehemence of his assault upon the principle of aristocratic patronage in the Free Kirk movement. There was ever something hasty, unexpected, in his course of life. To his first parish work he joined that of a mathematical tutor in St. Andrews University. At the public examination he made an assault on his professor and was forthwith dismissed. He came back and set up his private classes under the shadow of the University, still keeping up his parish work. Then he went to Glasgow and made his great reputation as a pulpit orator, and became a tremendous social force as the organizer of a system of parochial charity and education, with a parish of 11,000 souls. At the climax of his influence and reputation he broke away to be a professor of moral philosophy at St. Andrews. The consternation of Beecher's people and the community could not have been greater if, at the height of his success in Brooklyn, he had taken a professorship in Amherst College, than was the consternation of Chalmers's people and the community in Glasgow. The psychology of such a course of action might have afforded

> "Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
> A subject made to your hand."

But Mrs. Oliphant is needlessly mystified about it, for she herself offers the most obvious solution. It is that in a professor's chair he was again at work upon "the plan that pleased his boyish thought" when he added the labors of a mathematical tutor to those of a parish minister. It is still sufficiently remarkable that the splendor of his oratorical success did not wean him from his youthful passion. Afterwards he was made professor of theology, and found himself much more at home. Mrs. Oliphant makes no attempt to set forth the significance of his religious teaching. When it is remembered that his astronomical discourses were the most famous that he ever preached, it would appear that he was among the first of those who found in scientific truth some confirmation of their religious hopes and aspirations. If he endeavored to subject that truth to the exigencies of an inherited creed, he was not alone in this respect.

American Big Game Hunting. The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club: Edited by Theodore Roosevelt and George Bird Grinnell. New York: *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co.

IF the visitor at the World's Fair crossed one of the great bridges from the wonderful white buildings to the Wooded Island, and wandered down a little shady path, he came to what one might call the foundation-stone of all the magnificence just across the lagoon—a log cabin, the "Hunter's Cabin." What one first noticed was the peculiar and characteristic smell of the place. The old "prairie-schooner" outside, the bleached elk-horns over the door, the hunting trophies and evidences of free out-door life littering the interior, all brought to mind the woods and plains, but the smell was the genuine article. It was a combination of the odors of skins, old saddles, guns, blended by the scent arising from the bright wood-fire. This cabin, erected by the Boone and Crockett Club, was the proper forerunner of the book which the club has lately published.

'American Big Game Hunting' is a collection of articles by different members of the club, not only on hunting big game, but on the associated subjects of habits and preservation, and is an interesting exposition of the club's aims, which are "to promote manly sport with the rifle," "to promote travel and exploration in the wild and unknown or but partially known portions of the country," "to work for the preservation of the large game of this country, etc.," "to promote inquiry into and to record observations on the habits and natural history of the various wild animals," and finally "to bring about among the members the interchange of opinions and ideas on hunting, travel, exploration, etc." No one is eligible for membership who has not "killed with the rifle in fair chase . . . at least one individual of one of the various kinds of American large game," and the Constitution further explains that "the term 'fair chase' shall not be held to include killing bear, wolf, or cougar in traps, nor 'fire-hunting,' nor crusting moose, elk, or deer in deep snow, nor killing game from a boat while it is swimming in the water" (*i. e.*, the game swimming, not the boat). These various objects and qualifications the book sets forth, first in a straightforward and manly preface by the editors, perhaps the most pleasing thing in the volume, and second by a number of short articles, ranging in subject from bear and buffalo-hunting to photography of game, and in authors from the veterans of all the dangers and excitements of early Western life to those who have some items of interest to detail gleaned from a few short trips to the "happy hunting-grounds" of the West. This diversity of subject and authorship gives to the book a welcome variety of style, relieves it from the danger of prolixity, and affords an opportunity for personal narration of hunting scenes covering widely separated times, places, and species of game.

Some idea of the articles composing the volume may be gained from their titles. Commencing with "A Buffalo Story," which aptly illustrates one purpose of the club, story-telling, the author describes a buffalo hunt in his back yard, where he killed the quarry through his window without rising from bed. Next comes "The White Goat and his Country," written half successfully in a humorous style, followed by "A Day with the Elk," "After Wapiti in Wyoming," and "Blacktails in the Bad Lands." "Old Times in the Black Hills," "Big Game in the Rockies," and "Nights with the Grizzlies" bear the stamp of veteran hunters. Mr. Roosevelt has contented himself with a short sketch entitled, "Coursing the Prong-buck," which is rather unsatisfactory, as it bears too close a resemblance to remarks made by him on the same subject in his latest book; but his associate, Mr. Grinnell, contributes a much longer article, "In Buffalo Days," full of

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the melancholy interest attaching to the extermination of what was once the most numerous and distinctive of our wild animals. "A Mountain Fraud" is largely devoted to the description of a character showing his birth by his name, Lanahan, who proves that not all mountain men are fearless and truthful, as is generally supposed; but his figure is hardly central enough to justify the title of the article. "The Yellowstone Park" treats of the adaptability of this domain for game and forest preservation. "Photographing Wild Game" shows that quite as much skill is needed in stalking game for this purpose as for a more bloody one, and opens up a field of sport in which the results will be more pleasing than the most magnificent of hunting trophies. The book closes with chapters on "Literature of American Big Game Hunting" and "Our Forest Reservations," with a short description of the exhibit at the World's Fair.

As will be seen, this is not in any way a great book. Few of the articles rise to any degree of literary excellence, and neither in paper, illustration, nor general make-up is the publication the work of art it might have been. But it is calculated to subserve its worthy purpose.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adequate Travel-Atlas of the United States. Buffalo: Matthews-Northrup Co.
Bangs, J. K. Half-Hours with Jimmieboy. R. H. Russell & Son.
Bede, Cuthbert. The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman. 3 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5.
Bell, Mackenzie. Spring's Immortality, and Other Poems. London: Ward, Lock & Bowden.
Bergerat, Emile. A Wild Sheep Chase: Notes of a Little Philosophic Journey in Corsica. Macmillan. $1.75.
Bois, H. P. du. Love in Letters. Brentano's. $1.50.
Brooks, Phillips. Letters of Travel. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Browne, E. G. A Year amongst the Persians. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $6.
Carhart, Prof. Daniel. A Field Book for Civil Engineers. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.50.
Coleridge, E. P. The Tragedies of Sophocles Translated into English Prose. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Coleridge, S. T. The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $2.
Collingwood, Harry. The Doctor of the "Juliet." Whittaker. $1.50.
Diebitsch-Peary, Mrs. Josephine. My Arctic Journal: A Year among Ice-Fields and Eskimos. Contemporary Publishing Co.
D'Orsey, Rev. A. J. D. Portuguese Discoveries, Dependencies and Missions in Asia and Africa. London: W. H. Allen & Co.
Dorr, Mrs. Julia C. R. Periwinkle. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $3.
Drake, S. A. Our Colonial Homes. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $2.50.
Edkins, Joseph. The Early Spread of Religious Ideas, especially in the Far East. London: Religious Tract Society.
Emerson, R. W. Natural History of the Intellect, and Other Papers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75.
Everett-Green, Evelyn. Tom Heron of Sax: A Story of the Evangelical Revival of the Eighteenth Century. F. H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Fanshawe, E. L. Liquor Legislation in the United States and Canada. London: Cassell & Co.
Fielding, Henry. Jonathan Wild. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Fitch, Clyde. Pamela's Prodigy: A Lively Comedy. G. M. Allen Co.
Frith, Henry. The Lost Trader. Tait, Sons & Co. $1.
Gale, Norman. Orchard Songs. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane; New York: Putnams. $1.25.
Good Roads. Vols. I., II. and III. Roads Improvement Bureau.
Gwatkin, Prof. H. M. Selections from Early Christian Writers. Macmillan. $1.25.
Hamlin, Rev. Cyrus. My Life and Times. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. $2.50.
Herbart, Prof. J. F. The Science of Education. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.
Herford, Oliver. Pen and Inklings. G. M. Allen Co.
Hillern, Wilhelmine von. On the Cross: A Romance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. G. G. Peck. $1.
Hobhouse, L. T. The Labor Movement. London: T. F. Unwin; New York: Putnams. $1.25.
Holyoke, Maria B. Golden Memories of Old World Lands. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Hort, Mrs. Dora. Tiari; A Tahitian Romance. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Houssay, Frédéric. The Industries of Animals. London: Walter Scott; New York: Scribners. $1.25.
Hustin, A. Constant Troyon. [Les Artistes Célèbres.] Paris: *L'Art*; New York: Macmillan.
Huxley, T. H. Method and Results: Essays. Appletons.
Index of Noteworthy Words and Phrases Found in the Clementine Writings. Macmillan. $1.25.
Jerome, Irene E. I Have Called You Friends. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $2.
Johnstone, D. L. The Paradise of the North. Whittaker. $1.25.
Leslie, G. D. Letters to Marco. Macmillan. $1.50.
Loftie, W. J. Inigo Jones and Wren; or, The Rise and Decline of Modern Architecture in England. Macmillan. $4.50.
Loney, Prof. S. L. Plane Trigonometry. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.90.
Lord, Mrs. Alice E. The Days of Lamb and Coleridge: An Historical Romance. Henry Holt & Co.
Love, A. E. H. A Treatise on the Mathematical Theory of Elasticity. Vol. II. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Lowe, Martha P. The Olive and the Pine. 2d ed. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.
Lummis, C. F. The Land of Poco Tiempo. Scribners. $2.50.
Luquiens, Prof. Jules. Popular Science: French Prose Selections. Boston: Ginn & Co. 70 cents.
Lytton, Earl of. The Wanderer. New ed. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.
Macdonald, George. The Light Princess, and Other Fairy Tales. Putnams. $1.75.
Macnab, J. A. Legend of a Lake. Illustrated. G. M. Allen Co.
Manual for Fourth Year Grade Art Instruction. American Book Co. 50 cents.
Molesworth, Mrs. Mary: A Story for Very Little Children. Macmillan. $1.
Musset, Alfred de. Le Fils du Titien. Croisilles. Paris: Lemerre; New York: Amblard & Meyer. 60 cents.
Optic, Oliver. The Young Navigators. Boston; Lee & Shepard.
Orr, Prof. H. B. A Theory of Development and Heredity. Macmillan. $1.50.
Parsons, Prof. Theophilus. A Treatise on the Law of Partnership. 4th ed. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Preston, Harriet W., and Dodge, Louise. The Private Life of the Romans. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. $1.25.
Rand, Rev. E. A. The Mill at Sandy Creek. Whittaker. $1.25.
Seawell, Miss M. E. Paul Jones. Appletons. $1.
Seawell, Miss M. E. Through Thick and Thin, and The Midshipmen's Mess. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Sienkiewicz, Henryk. Pan Michael. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.
Speakman, T. H. Divisions in the Society of Friends. 2d ed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Stone, W. L. Ballads and Poems relating to the Burgoyne Campaign. Albany: Joel Munsell's Sons.
Stuart, Esmé. A Woman of Forty. Appletons.
Stuart, Esmé. Out of Reach. Tait, Sons & Co. $1.
Trumbull, Rev. H. C. A Lie Never Justifiable: A Study in Ethics. Philadelphia: J. D. Wattles & Co. $1.
Trumbull, William. The Legend of the White Canoe. Illustrated. Putnams. $2.50.
Under the Nursery Lamp: Songs about the Little Ones. Randolph. $1.50.
Walton, Amy. Black, White and Gray. Tait, Sons & Co. $1.
Watson, H. W. A Treatise on the Kinetic Theory of Gases. 2d ed. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Waugh, Arthur. Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Study of his Life and Work. 3d ed. C. L. Webster & Co. $1.50.
Whittuck, Rev. C. A. The Church of England and Recent Religious Thought. Macmillan. $2.
Wiggin, Mrs. Kate D. Polly Oliver's Problem: A Story for Girls. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Wilcox, Ella W. The Song of the Sandwich. G. M. Allen Co.
Ziwet, Prof. Alexander. An Elementary Treatise on Theoretical Mechanics. Macmillan. $2.25.

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